OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

THE NEW NORTH.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION.

VOLUME IX. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY JULY 16, 1891. NO. 24.

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance

EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from $100 to $500 each
Also many of the Finest Business Sites.
Time given purchasers who intend building.
Time given purchasers who intend buying.
Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

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I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

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I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Eire Insurane at Equitable Rates.

- - ABSTRACT - -

The only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands. Two Complete Sets.

Office on Davenport Street. **PAUL BROWNE.**

O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W

ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

DRY GOODS,

Groceries and Shoes.

Our line of Dry Goods is always well assorted with the newest things in market. Car load of Groceries always in stock. We carry the best and leading makes of Men's, Women's and Children's Fine Shoes, such as The Celebrated John Kelly, McClure, Bloser & Eggert and many other makes. Men's and Women's Furnishing Goods, Clothing Hardware and Lumbermen's Supplies, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. We are also at the bottom on prices.

SPAFFORD & COLE.

BASE BALL NEWS.

The O. F. W's First Defeat.--Antigo and New London Coming.

The game Friday with Portage was a close and interesting one. After the home team had it won the visitors captured it by a couple of hits in the ninth inning. Jacobson and Bellis did the battery work for the home club. Jacobson pitched a good game and Bellis caught without an error or passed ball. The home club played very well in the field and batted hard enough to win, but their hits were not together. The score was 6 to 7 in our favor when the ninth inning began. The first Portage man to bat knocked the ball into the trees for three bases. The next batter was Sheldon, the home run hitter of the club, and he proved his reputation did not belie him by knocking out a home run away over center. It was a lucky termination of the game for them and robbed our club of a victory already earned. The Portage team is not as strong as was expected. Their kicking propensities are well developed, but their ball playing is mostly by two or three of the team. They do not compare in strength with the gang Watersmeet brought here, and the feeling that the O. F. W's sustained their first defeat at the hands of an inferior team doesn't set well with many. It is quite likely that Portage will play here again before the season is over.

The Antigo club will play the O. F. Ws. here Sunday, the 19th. The Mayor of Antigo has the matter in charge and says he will bring a club strong enough to give their city proper representation. A large number will accompany the team. They will play an imported battery and several other hired players. The O. F. Ws. will play their regular team.

The base ball fever has hit the range hard, and every town up there is crazy on base ball. Ironwood has thirteen professionals under pay, among them being five of the team that was here with Watersmeet. As soon as a league pitcher is released, some of the towns up there telegraph for him. They bet all they are worth on every game and the papers contain nothing but roasts of the neighboring town's club.

The New London club will play here Saturday and Sunday the 25th and 26th.

Ashton--Dunn.

This evening at 8 o'clock will occur the wedding of two of Rhinelander's most worthy and popular young people. It will be consummated by Rev. Father July at the Catholic church. The contracting parties are Harry S. Ashton, local manager for the Westeren Union Co. and Miss Lula Dunn, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Dunn. After the ceremony a few invited friends and relatives will partake of a wedding supper at the brides' home. A number of costly presents will be received by the newly married. They go to Milwaudee and other cities for a trip of a few weeks, after which they will return to Rhinelander for their permanent residence, occupying the house on King street recently purchased by Mr. Ashton. They have the well wishes of all.

Changes in Business.

O. W. Chatterton has purchased the meat market and business of Chas. Spearbraker and will continue, it at the old stand. Mr. Chatterton has been in business here on former occasions and thoroughly understands the meat business.

A. Lindsay has sold his saloon outfit and business to D. G. Brock and Mark Mason.

D. G. Brock has sold out his meat market to T. H. Gleason. The latter will run but the one market, closing up the recently purchased one on the north side.

George Marks, of Clintonville, has started a restaurant in the Easton building, near the Electric Light building.

More New Machinery.

The Rhinelander Iron Co., have made several big improvements to the recently, principal among which is the addition of about $500 worth of new machinery. They are doing a good business and constantly adding to the capacity.

New Congregational Pastor.

The trustees of the local Congregational society have extended a call to Rev. John Humpheys, who preached here last Sunday. It is expected that he will accept and begin his labors immediately. His visit here made him many friends.

Wanted.

Men to peel Bark at Camp 5, one mile west of Brantwood, on Soo rail road. Wages $30.00 and board.

PRENTICE TANNING Co.,

The new north side hose house is completed, It is a commodious and creditable looking building.

W. E. Brown is at Milwaukee today.

Richard Reed is in Wausau to-day on business.

The Mesdames Fuller are visiting Merrill friends.

Dan Fitzpatrick has moved his boats to Lake Julia.

A. C. Jewell is entertaining a friend from Chicago.

Miss Mary Burns is visiting her old home in Michigan.

Antigo against Rhinelander at the ball park Sunday.

Ground oats pure and straight at B. F. Edwards & Co's. *

Wm. Burr lost a hand at McNaughton's mill last week.

Baby carriages—all the styles—all prices—at Hildebrand's. *

Sam Cole has gone to Grand Rapids for a brief visit with relatives.

Rev. W. Buzzell was in Chicago last week attending a convention.

Prices on photographs lower than ever at Wolcott's new gallery. *

The National Editoral association is in session at St. Paul this week.

Ed. Slossen is taking Harry Ashton's place during the latters absence.

Group pictures a specialty at Wolcott's new gallery on Brown street. *

The weekly dances given by A. O. Blitch are uniformally well patronized.

M. J. O'Reilly has gone for an extended trip through Indiana and Ohio.

The "Giant Sleigh Co." now adorns the front of the company's main shop.

Wausau is agitating the question of organizing an advancement association.

E. S. Shepard and G. H. Clark have gon to Tower, Minnesota on a business trip.

The finest line of gent's furnishing goods in town at M. W. Shafer's new store. *

New crop Timothy Hay at B. F. Edwards & Co's Saturday. Same price as old. *

George Whitney is down from Bessemer to attend the Ashton—Dunn nuptials.

The best stock of furniture ever shown in the city at Demars' bargain store. *

Sam Shaw was in town Tuesday on his way from St. Paul to his home at Crandon.

O. F. Wissler is putting up two tenement houses on the lots recently purchased by him on King street.

We buy berries direct of the grower, consequently they are always fresh.
W. L. BEERS & Co. *

Harvey Denison gave a party to several of his young friends at the parental home Monday evening.

The Catholic Nights will give a benefit dance on the 22nd. inst. Already a large number of tickets have been sold.

Buy berries by the case of W. L. Beers & Co., they weigh from 5 to 10 pounds more per case than berries bought elsewhere. *

The finest line of type and other materials for good job printing at the New North office. We have the best facilities for turning out work on short notice.

Lumber sales for the past two weeks have hardly been what could be called lively. The market in Chicago is reported quiet but a prosperous month is looked for from now out.

When the people of Rhinelander are considering the purchase of furniture of any description they should not fail to inspect the very complete stock at J. Demars. *

Ed. Squier has received an urgent request to accompany the famous Wausau Regimental band on its trip east this summer. They will be gone about three weeks. Mr. Squire has not yet decided whether to accept or not. The invitation is a decided compliment to any musician's ability.

D. L. Jenkinson has taken the agency for the American No. 7 sewing machine. He has several on exhibition in his jewelry store and invites the ladies to call and inspect them. The price is satisfactory and the machine unexcelled. *

In an other column of the New North will be found the semi-annual statement of the Merchants' State Bank. A glance at it is sufficient to see that the institution is in a flourishing condition. In only a little over a year Cashier E. O. Brown has built up an excellent financial institution there—one which is a source of pride and profit to nearly all Rhinelander.

Wolcott's new photograph gallery on Brown street is ready for business The public is cordially invited call to and inspect samples of the best work ever done in Rhinelander. *

Mark Shafer has this week moved his stock of furnishing goods into new and more commodious quarters, and now has one of the most attractive stores in the city. A large installment of new goods has just been received, making, without doubt, the largest stock of gent's furnishing goods ever seen in Rhinelander. The stock embraces men's, boys' and children's furnishing goods, hats, caps, boots, shoes, trunks, valises, etc. The goods are made from the very best of material, and in style fully equal to custom made. This is one of the neatest and best stores of which Rhinelander can boast, and the people of this section will find it to their advantage to give Mr. Shafer a call when in need of anything in his line.

THE SCHOOL MEETING.

The New Board Begin Their Labors.—Proceedings in Full.

From the minutes of the meetings of the several sub-districts in the Town of Pelican, held on the 6th day of July, 1891, on file in the office of the secretary of the school board, it appears that the following clerks were elected in the several sub-districts for the ensuing year: Sub-district No. 1, E. M. Hogan; sub-district No. 2, John C. Curran; sub-district No. 3, August Holfacker; sub-district No. 4, S. C. Ketner; sub-district No. 5, Paul Browne; sub-district No. 6, W. W. Carr; sub-district No. 7, E. L. Dimick.

RHINELANDER, WIS., July 13, 1891.

The board of school directors of the Town of Pelican met at the office of the secretary at 10 a. m. for organization pursuant to law.

The following members were present, John C. Curran, Paul Browne, W. W. Carr and E. L. Dimick.

On motion Paul Browne was duly elected president of the school board for the ensuing year.

On motion John C. Curran was elected vice- president for the ensuing year.

On motion S. S. Miller was elected secretary for the ensuing year.

Secretary read the minutes of the meeting of the several sub-districts and submitted the same to the board.

On motion the secretary was instrued to notify the clerk of sub-dist. No. 4 to be present at the next meeting of the board when his recommendations would be considered.

On motion the secretary was instructed to notify clerk of sub-dist, No. 3 to be present to the next meeting of the board, and the recommendations of his district would be attended to.

On motion the recommendation of sub-district No. 6, as to the publication of school board proceedings was adopted, as per written proposition, to publish the proceedings of the board for the sum of thirty-five dollars, the same to be published in the New North and Oneida Co. Herald, and to include the publication of all notices required by the board to be published, same to be published in next issue of paper succeeding meeting. On motion the proposition was accepted.

On motion the secretary was instructed to advertise for sealed bids to fill the school grounds on the North side building.

On motion board take a recess until 7 o'clock P. M. of this day.

June 13, 7 P. M.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present clerks, Dimick, Browne, Carr and Curran.

President Paul Browne, presiding.

On motion the board proceeded to the election of teachers for the public schools for the ensuing year, with the following result:

Principal, W. H. Williams, salary not to exceed $1,200.

Asst. Principal, Mary E. Oakey, salary not to exceed $55 per month.

Principal North side building, Ellen Minahan, at a salary not to exceed $60 per month.

Principal South Side building, Clara C. Spencer, at a salary not to exceed fifty dollars per month.

Grammer department, Nellie M. Bosworth, at a salary not to exceed fifty dollars per month.

Intermediate department, Carrie E. Markam, at a salary not to exceed forty dollars per month.

Second primary departments, Ada L. Bishop, Mary Minahan, at a salary not to exceed forty dollars per month.

First primary, Cora Crowe, Hattie E. Lord, Addie LeVake, Nellie McCabe, at a salary not to exceed forty-five dollars per month.

Buttrick school, Mary E. Morrison, at a salary not to exceed forty dollars per month.

Secretary was instructed to notify the foregoing teachers of their election and that they must obtain certificates entitling them to teach in Oneida county, if they do not hold such certificates, before making contract.

On motion board adjourned to meet on call of the secretary.

SAM S. MILLER, Sec'y.

Cadet Examination.

Pursuant to a well established custom conceded to be entirely fair and just, a competitive examination of the candidates for appointment as cadet at West Point will be held at the High School building at Antigo, on the 22d and 23d day of July, to be conducted by Prof. Hoyt, of the Antigo High School, Prof. O'Hara and F. J. Finucane. Candidates must be over 17 and under 22 years of age, and in perfect health. They will be examined in arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, reading, writing, orthography, aptitude for learning, and probable efficiency. The examination will probably last two days, and will be fully as difficult as an examination for a third grade certificate. It will be conducted on questions furnished by the academy. There can be no choice except on merit. Another and more difficult examination will be given at the academy.

THOS. LYNCH, M. C.

Something New.

Rev. L. P. Paquin, a missionary priest, will give a number of stereoptic illustrations of the life of our Lord, and the principal architectural wonders of the world, with an explanatory lecture in the Grand Opera House, Wednesday evening, July 22, under the auspices of the Catholic Society of this city. The views comprise a series of 48 fine illustrations showing life-size personages, reflected on a 10-foot screen by a double action magic lantern with dissolving effects. All are invited. Admission, 25 cents.

For Genuine Bargains

GO TO

JEWELL & BASTIAN'S.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

FRESH FRUITS & VEGETABLES,

Creamery and Dairy Butter,
Hay, Feed, Flour, Oats, Etc

JOHN B. SHELL,
THE · TAILOR.
The Finest Line of Suitings in the City.

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder.

BROWN STREET,

Rhinelander, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

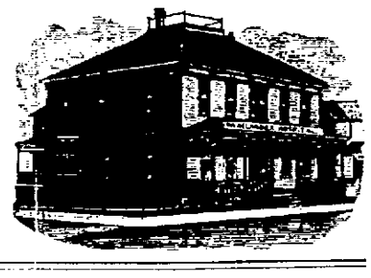
Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Rhinelander Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For $6.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.
T. B. McINDOE, Resident Surgeon.



Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH ANN GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade.
Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block. Rhinelander, Wisconsin

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

THREE triplets born seventy-seven years ago celebrated their latest birthday anniversary recently at their home in Sumneytown, Pa.

THE wealth of the United States is estimated at $71,500,000,000, that of England at $50,000,000,000, and that of France at $36,000,000,000.

ROBERT S. ONION, of Baltimore, and Francis Paredy, of Philadelphia, have written a new play. Onion, no doubt, furnishing the strong points and Paredy the comedy.

UNCLE SAM has sent 100,000 guests to Europe this year from the port of New York alone. European countries cannot afford to quarrel with your Uncle. His patronage is too valuable.

IF a poison has been accidentally swallowed, instantly drink a pint of warm water in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of salt and one or two of mustard. A half glass of sweet oil will render many poisons harmless.

A RECENT survey has established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1,155, of which 249 have a length of more than 4½ miles. The French Alps contain 141 glaciers; those of Italy, 78; Switzerland, 471, and Austria, 402.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has the oldest living college graduate in the person of Mr. A. A. Parker, of Fitzwilliam. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1814, and will be one hundred years of age on October 8. At last accounts he was in very good health.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE considers the peril of this country from present immigration absolutely so dreadful that she wonders that American men who know about it can sleep while this awful dumping of the unworthy and the undesirable from the old world continues.

DR. LANELLONGUE, of Paris, has laid before the French academy the details of a new treatment for tuberculosis, in which chloride of zinc is the principal agent in changing the tissues. Dr. Lanellongue, who has used the treatment in his practice, asserts that he has effected many cures and met no failures.

FROM calculations recently made by the British board of admiralty, it is evident that the naval engagements of the future will be very expensive affairs. It was estimated that one vessel, carrying two 110-ton guns, would, in two ordinary engagements, use up guns and ammunition to the value of $850,000.

THREE generations of Indian men of the Chickasaw nation celebrated Independence day at Tishomingo, Tex., by getting divorces from their wives. Smith Paul, aged 80 years, released from his sixth wife; Sam Paul, his son, aged 45, from his third wife, and the latter's son, John Paul, aged 20, from his first wife. The women were all white. There appears to be no doubt that marriage in that family was a failure.

AN autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln to a friend is said to contain the following: "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other reasons that your especial case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."

THE late Count von Moltke was once asked to name the books which had exercised the greatest influence upon his life. In reply he mentioned the following: The Bible, Homer's "Iliad," Litton's "Wonders of the Heavens," Liebig's "Letter on Chemistry," and Clausewitz's "On War." The works of Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Ranke and Carlyle he gave as those which he never tired of reading. The "Iliad," in translation, he read when 9 years old.

THE deadly firecracker and the irrepressible small boy of America, acting in conjunction, have furnished the usual number of Fourth of July fires this year, put out the customary proportion of eyes and caused about as many runaways with fatal results as in ordinary celebrations of our glorious natal day. In doing his share of all this the irrepressible small boy has contributed his usual quota of fingers uncomplainingly, and will be ready next year to devote his remaining digits to the service of his country in the same way.

IT is believed in Philadelphia that the only one of the original continental flags in existence is in the possession of the City troop of that city. The old flag is spread between two large pieces of plate glass which keep the air away from it. The probabilities are that were it removed from this case it would fall to pieces. In design it is somewhat similar to the English jack. The design was made by a committee of which Benjamin Franklin was a member, in 1776. A few years after the first American standard adopted by congress was submitted and adopted.

LIVERPOOL is excited over the report of the registrar general announcing that her population has decreased thirty-five thousand in the last ten years, and that she is the only great city in England showing no growth. The result of the census is a complete surprise. The trade of the port has been increasing steadily, shopkeepers and middlemen have prospered and the working classes have been well employed. Moreover, there is no apparent decrease in the voters' lists of the different wards. On all sides arises a protest that a mistake has been made, and the registrar general is roundly abused.

IN Warsaw the Jews number 40 per cent. of the population, and the average in all the other towns of Poland is 50 per cent., while in the villages it falls to 7 per cent. Consul Grant says the trades and industries in Warsaw are almost entirely in the hands of the Hebrew population. In the higher branches of commerce the ratio is 16 Jews to 2 Christians, and in the lower branches 19 Jews to 2 Christians, and in the agency and brokerage business 43 Jews to 1 Christian. Of the large industrial enterprises of the city 63 per cent. are in the hands of Jews and only 18 per cent. belong to native Christians.

Epitome of the Week.

INTERESTING NEWS COMPILATION.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE business failures in the United States during the seven days ended on the 10th numbered 217, against 237 the preceding week and 197 for the corresponding week last year.

THE exchanges at the leading clearing-houses in the United States during the week ended on the 11th aggregated $1,117,953,220, against $1,020,332,473 the previous week. As compared with the corresponding week of 1890 the increase amounted to 0.2.

THE EAST.

UNDER the amended immigration law, sixty-seven paupers who reached New York from foreign shores were returned to the country from whence they came during the past three months.

MISS IRENE W. COTT, of Norwich, Conn., has received the first certificate of admission which Yale university has ever granted to a woman.

FUNERAL services of the late Hannibal Hamlin occurred at Bangor, Me., on the 8th. The body lay in state from 11 a. m. till 2 p. m. and was viewed by thousands of people.

AT the Green Ridge colliery near Mount Carmel, Pa., an explosion of gas fatally burned John Dorsey and John Pickmonti.

PENNSYLVANIA democrats will hold their state convention in Harrisburg on Thursday, September 3.

GOV. HILL has pardoned James C. King, of New York, who had served eighteen years of a life sentence for murder at Auburn prison.

IMMIGRATION statistics for the year ended June 30, 1891, show that the total number of emigrants landed in New York during that period was 405,636. Germany sent the largest number, 74,982. Italy was next with 70,776. Ireland came third, with 35,424, and Russia fourth, with 33,514, most of whom were Hebrews. Of those who arrived 510 were returned.

THE company stores of the Cambria Iron Company at Johnstown, Pa., at which thousands of their workmen traded, has been sold to a party of capitalists for nearly $1,000,000. The law against company stores in that state goes into effect August 1.

"JACK THE RIPPER," of New York, "Frenchy No. 1," charged with the murder of a dissolute woman, was sentenced to life imprisonment.

AN address has been issued by the National Federation of America, organized to aid the home rule movement in Ireland, bitterly denouncing Mr. Parnell and declaring that he can no longer be regarded as a leader of the Irish movement.

SAMUEL LOUGHER'S livery stable at Germantown, Pa., was burned, and thirty horses, many of them belonging to private individuals, perished in the flames.

A boiler of the boat Ethel exploded off Coney Island, N. Y., killing eight business men who were fishing.

WEST AND SOUTH.

IN western Washington the wheat crop was being greatly damaged by gophers and squirrels.

A. E. BURKHARDT & Co., in Cincinnati, largest fur dealers in the country, suffered a loss of $750,000 by fire, and the clothing firm of Griesheofer & Co. lost $250,000 by the same fire.

THE extent of navigable water of the Ohio river and its tributaries is given by a census bulletin at 9,18 miles, excluding 500 miles from Cincinnati to the mouth of the Ohio river.

ON the 8th light frosts were reported in portions of Iowa and Illinois.

BY the upsetting of a boat Henry Kek, a saloon keeper at Sandusky, O., and Joseph Braunlich, of Cleveland, were drowned in Lake Erie.

AT Newburg, O., freight trains collided, and five men were hurt, two fatally.

THE legislature of Georgia met in summer session at Atlanta.

EDWARD MCTHERY, of Indianapolis, in a fit of jealousy, fatally shot his wife and then shot himself dead.

S. P. ANDERSON'S house 15 miles west of Clifton, Tex., was struck by lightning, and his wife and three daughters were killed.

AT Lamar, Ark., Eliza Ryan, aged 80 years, was restored to sight after being blind thirty years by having a tooth extracted.

ON the 9th the tenth international convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor opened at Minneapolis with 15,000 delegates in attendance. The secretary's report showed that there were in the country 16,274 societies with a total membership of 1,008,980. Among the denominations the Presbyterians have 4,019 societies, Congregationalists 3,745, Baptists 2,331, Methodists 2,068, Christians 891. During the year 82,500 members of the societies became church members.

A MOB lynched Jim Bailey, a negro who assaulted Mrs. Folsom at Beebe, Ark.

NEAR Olney, Ill., Mrs. Raymond and her 4-year-old son were struck by a passenger train on the Ohio & Mississippi road and instantly killed.

NEAR Olmsted, Ill., Pat Moss and Eddy Davis, both colored, and a white boy, aged 15 years, named Harry Odel, were beaten to death with a club by Daniel Welsh, an insane negro.

FLAMES which started in Mitchell Bros.' lumber yard at Jennings, Mich., destroyed 16,000,000 feet of lumber, a planing mill, engine house and four dwellings. Total loss, $250,000.

REPUBLICANS of Nebraska will meet in state convention at Lincoln on Thursday, September 24.

UPON her dying bed Mrs. Grisley, of Lancaster, Wis., confessed that she had murdered her son's wife in 1882, whose dead body was found in a field perforated with bullets the second day after the murder.

THE dead bodies of John H. Puterbaugh, a farmer living near Ellis, Neb., and his wife and four children were found in their home with bullet holes in their heads. It was supposed the horrible deed was committed by the father, who was temporarily insane.

REV. JOHN SPACHMANN, Belle Henderson, Ella Henderson and Millie Chenowyth were drowned in Lake Erie near Oak Point, O., by the upsetting of a boat.

J. B. RYAN, ex-state treasurer of Indiana, and a prominent politician of the state, died at Indianapolis.

J. R. DILWORTH, president of the Dilworth Cattle Company of Billings, Mont., was shot and instantly killed in a quarrel over a land claim by a young Frenchman.

A DOWNPOUR of rain for three hours at Sioux City, Ia., flooded the city, causing an aggregate loss of $100,000.

FIFTY white families charged with being intruders were arrested by the Chickasaw militia and sent across the Red river into Texas.

THE wooded portion of Chippewa county, Mich., and the Canadian territory north of it were on fire on the 10th. Settlers were being burned out and everybody was fighting the flames.

THOMAS ROCHE, a wealthy railroad contractor, committed suicide at Fort Worth, Tex., by shooting himself in the mouth.

AN investigation has resulted in the discovery that the state of North Carolina is entitled to $26,218 more than was originally allowed it on account of the direct tax act.

THE total population of Wisconsin, according to a census bulletin, is 1,681,880, an increase of 371,383 over the population in 1880.

FLEMING'S livery stable and twenty-five head of valuable horses were burned at Emporia, Kan.

THOMAS GOODRICH, a farmer living near Princeton, Ind., died of hydrophobia. He was bitten by a pet dog last April.

SOUTHERN Illinois farmers report that chinch bugs were leaving the wheat and attacking the corn, and unless rain comes soon the crop would be seriously damaged.

T. HENNINGER, postmaster at Colfeen, Ill., fell from a cherry tree and was fatally hurt.

IN the National league the percentages of the baseball clubs for the week ended on the 11th were: New York, .596; Chicago, .582; Boston, .563; Cleveland, .507; Philadelphia, .481; Brooklyn, .462; Pittsburgh, .436; Cincinnati, .402. The percentages of clubs in the American association were: Boston, .647; St. Louis, .641; Baltimore, .611; Columbus, .480; Athletic, .472; Cincinnati, .445; Louisville, .371; Washington, .333.

IN a railway collision near Aspen, Col., several excursionists were killed and over a dozen seriously injured.

AT Houston, Tex., Mrs. Kate Williams gave birth to a boy baby which has a full set of teeth. The new arrival is a perfect child. Not since the days of Richard III. has such a youngster been heard of.

JOSEPH FRANK shot and killed Frank Bacleman at Toos, Mo., and then took his own life in the same manner. No cause was known for the deed.

SIX persons—John McNeff, Lizzie Kaiser, Henry Campbell, Leslie Young, John Swanson and August Maraysta—were drowned in the lake at Chicago on the 12th.

THE capital stock of the Niagara Mining and Smelting Company of Utah has been increased to $10,000,000, and the company controls the largest lead producing mines in the world.

GRASSHOPPERS have caused great loss in eastern Colorado. They covered an area of 60 square miles and had destroyed everything green within that district.

IN southern Oregon a cavern that rivals the famous Mammoth cave of Kentucky in extent and beauty has been discovered.

THE Christian Endeavor societies in national session at Minneapolis re-elected Rev. F. E. Clark, of Boston, president, with vice presidents from nearly every state in the union.

IT has been decided by Mrs. Jefferson Davis to give Richmond, Va., the care of her husband's mortal body.

ADOLPH HEDBORG, a Swede, shot his wife through the heart at Joliet, Ill., while drunk, and then blew out his brains.

NINE houses were destroyed in a landslide near Skeena river, Wash., and over forty persons, mostly Indians, were killed.

FIRE destroyed the St. Louis hotel at Duluth, Minn., the loss being $100,000.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

LIGHTNING killed a farmer and seven children at Muhldorf, Bavaria.

A CLOUDBURST destroyed the village of Ekaterinoslav, Russia, sweeping away 150 houses and drowning hundreds of people.

IN Carlow, Ireland, the Parnell candidate for parliament was defeated by a vote of 3,755 to 1,539.

TEN MILLION people were threatened with famine in Madras, India, owing to the partial failure of the monsoon.

IN southern Syria the cholera was extending and hundreds of deaths had occurred.

LATER

Heavy Storm.

ABERDEEN, S. D., July 13.—A furious storm of wind, rain and hail prevailed eight or ten miles north of here last night, extending over the country as many miles wide and thirty or forty miles long. It is estimated that hundreds of acres of wheat have been destroyed.

At Columbia the bridge over the James river was lifted up and dashed to pieces, while large trees along the river were torn out by the roots or blown down.

Near Claremont Farmers Harker, Cooley, Whitfield and others lost houses and barns. Loss of life is rumored but has not been confirmed.

Hail stones measuring over ten inches in circumference were picked up, while an hour after the storm had passed the ground looked as though covered with pieces of marble the size of hens' eggs. One farmer says hail was driven through boards near the house and another had a cow return covered with blood as the result of the terrible bombardment.

AT Lyons, Io., on the 13th, during Forepaugh's circus performance William Hanlon, one of the famous Hanlon brothers, was, by the breaking of a trapeze bar, thrown thirty feet to the ground and instantly killed. His neck was broken. Hanlon was thirty-one years old, English, and leaves a wife sick in New York. Hanlon once fell sixty feet in the Academy of Music, New York, escaping death miraculously.

FIVE masked burglars entered the house of Wm. Foster, near Franklyn, Pa., and after binding and gagging him and his housekeeper, robbed the house of $1,500.

GEORGE NAGLE of Dedham, Mass., on the 13th killed his wife by cutting her head open with an axe. He then tried to brain himself with the same axe but failed.

THE Democratic editors of Kansas have decided to prepare an address declaring war upon the Farmers' Alliance.

A CRAZY man, on the 14th, attempted the life of President Carnot by shooting at him as he drove along the avenue.

THE record for Sunday at Chicago was eleven deaths by drowning in Lake Michigan.

THE government on the 13th purchased 895,000 ounces of silver.

THE National Editorial Convention began at St. Paul on the 14th.

WOODS ON FIRE.

Flames Again Sweeping Through the Forests of Northern Michigan.

ST. IGNACE, Mich., July 13. One of the most destructive forest fires which have ever swept the northern peninsula is raging between Marquette and this city along the line of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic railroad. For hundreds of miles nothing can be seen but one mass of flames, and the density of the smoke is so pronounced that the sun appears like a leaden ball. Railroad officials have large crowds of men stationed along the track, battling against the fire, but the flames are quickly gaining headway. It is feared the track will be destroyed. In many places between Newberry and Seny the small bridges crossing little creeks are now burning. At several of these places the train was compelled to stop in order to extinguish the fires. The telegraph poles have been burned down and the wires rendered useless. The general loss will aggregate thousands. Inhabitants of small villages have been fighting against the fire for the last four days and are now almost exhausted. They have called for aid from the officials of the road. It is feared that seven loggers along the banks of the Tahquamanon and Fox rivers have lost their lives.

ESCANABA, Mich., July 13.—Forest fires are still doing great damage across the bay from this city. In Bay de Noc township, this county, a number of settlers have lost all they had, except their homes, and they are not out of danger yet. The crops in this township have been completely destroyed and all the cedar pine and standing hardwood have been destroyed.

SIX farmers, S. Thorsen, A. Sanborn, August Arman, old man Larson, N. J. Storm and Andrew Hanson, have lost all that they had. The rest of the settlers of the township are in danger of losing everything they have, as fires are still spreading and there is no indication of rain.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., July 13.—Forest fires which have been raging for several days have been checked somewhat. The smoke has cleared away and reports from Bay Mills and Detour say that rain has about quenched the flames. Telephone connection to inland towns is down and no reliable reports have been received from Gatesville, Drummond, Pickford and other smaller towns. At Detour six farmhouses and as many barns with contents were consumed. No loss of life has been reported, and, should the rain continue, the worst is over. Farmers are fighting the flames and say that the crops will suffer from the heat and sparks.

MILWAUKEE, July 13.—Word has reached here from Metropolitan, Mich., of the damage done there by forest fires. The Metropolitan Lumber Company lost 7,000,000 feet of lumber and all the logs on the river bank were burned down to the water's edge. Their large and well-equipped sawmill was also destroyed. The amount of insurance is not known. Two bridges on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad were destroyed.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

Secretary Baer Gives Figures of the Endeavor Society's Successful Labors—Close of the Convention.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 13.—At Friday evening's session of the Christian Endeavor convention Rev. Dr Barrows, of the First Presbyterian church of Chicago, announced that the next international convention would be held in Madison square garden, New York, in 1892, and in Montreal in 1893, the date to be decided upon and announced later.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 13.—The third day of the great international convention of Christian Endeavor was inaugurated at 6:30 o'clock Saturday morning with a prayer meeting conducted by Miss Grace Livingston, of Winter Park, Fla. At 9 o'clock the delegates met in regular business session, and after the usual religious exercises reports from the world-wide field were made by General Secretary Baer. He gave some interesting details of the growth of the movement in England and presented particularly encouraging figures from Japan. On February 2 the Christian Endeavor societies in that country celebrated their decennial anniversary of the first society.

Resolutions were adopted complimenting the twin cities for their hospitality; recommending that all societies adopt the "Revised Pledge" promising support to the church, and welcoming to fellowship all denominational societies which adopt the Christian Endeavor pledge. Banners were presented to the different unions.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 13.—Sunday many of the Christian Endeavor delegates were in the Twin City pulpits both morning and afternoon, but full sessions of the convention were held, the only recess being to allow the delegates to go to church in the morning.

It was stated from the platform that the attendance of delegates was 14,000 and the session closed by singing the doxology.

At the evening session resolutions opposing the opening of the Columbian exposition on Sunday and denouncing the "whisky ring's" influence in politics were unanimously adopted. President Clark was reelected and a long list of honorary vice presidents representing every state, territory and province.

Must Tell How Smiler Died.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Coroner Levy says that he will have the body of Harris A. Smiler examined. It is buried in Woodlawn cemetery, within the city limits, and the coroner claims that as no inquest was held at Sing Sing after Smiler's execution he has authority to hold one now. He asserts that if it is true, as published, that it required several shocks to produce death, the execution was contrary to the law, which says that no torture shall be inflicted. He intends to subpœna Warden Brown and other witnesses of the execution to testify at the execution.

Ground to Death in a Water Wheel.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 13.—Robert H. Davis, a watchman at the Rockland paper mills of the Jessup & Moore Company, was ground to death in a large water wheel making 100 revolutions per minute Sunday morning. He fell on the wheel while oiling it, and part of his body was found attached thereto, and the head and part of the trunk in the mill stream.

Noland Found Guilty.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., July 13.—State Treasurer Noland has been found guilty of embezzlement and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

A Railway Collision Caused by a Misunderstanding of Orders Costs Seven Persons Their Lives.

ASPEN, Col., July 13.—By a wreck on the Colorado Midland near here Saturday night at 11 o'clock seven lives have been lost and many people seriously injured. Aspen Junction was the scene of the disaster. A collision occurred between a Midland locomotive and the coaches of the Saturday "laundry" or excursion train running between Aspen and Glenwood Springs. The coach-load of people returning in happy spirits from the springs, where a few pleasant hours had been spent in the swimming pool, were suddenly plunged in the horrors of a frightful railroad accident which resulted in the killing of seven people and severely scalding and burning six others. Of the twenty-five passengers three colored men, who were in the forward compartment, were the only ones not injured. A 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Ellis, of Aspen, was killed instantly. Miss Annie Phelan, of Cardiff, died soon after she was taken out. The other dead are Mrs. Frank E. Ellis, Mrs. J. C. G. Baldwin, Mrs. W. L. Willoughby and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Rogers. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leonard, Mr. Frank Ellis, Thomas O'Donnell, Miss Mary O'Donnell and James Leach, all of Aspen, were scalded and burned.

Conductor Miller had received his orders to pull out for Aspen, and stepped on the coach to give the engineer his orders. At about the same time Engineer Shepherd had received orders to take his engine and pull west with a freight train standing in the yard and had gone to the roundhouse. The switchmen noticed both engine and passenger train backing down and signaled to stop. Shepherd stopped his engine and Brakeman Ryan was on the rear of the passenger train, turned on the hot air and stopped the train. The switchman then signaled to Shepherd to back down, with which he at once complied. The engineer of the passenger understood the signal to be for him and accordingly began backing down, Brakeman Ryan having released the air because he also understood the signal to be for his train. Both the freight engine and the passenger engine must have started rather vigorously, as the crash came before the frantic signals of the switchman to stop could be seen and understood. The passenger engineer says he could not see the freight engine backing out of the round-house, as the coal-chute and other buildings obstructed his view. The engineer on the freight engine was likewise, he claims, in ignorance of the fact that the passenger was backing down. The trainmen unite in saying that the accident was the result of a misunderstanding of the signals given by the switchman.

EIGHT KILLED.

Awful Result of the Explosion of a Naptha Launch.

NEW YORK, July 13.—A yachting party composed of a number of New Yorkers left Thirty-sixth street, Brooklyn, at 7 o'clock a. m. Sunday. They were on board the steam launch Agnes Dean. Before they got through with the day they had some exciting adventures. It was along about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when one of the party saw a man clinging to a buoy bobbing up and down in the water off towards Coney Island. The buoy is a great distance from Coney Island. They lowered a small boat and with great difficulty they contrived to get the man from his dangerous resting place. The rescued man said that he was Capt. White, of East Rockaway. He had been on the Ethel, a naphtha launch. This launch, he said, had been chartered by a Mr. Dennis, a wealthy retired diamond merchant of Brooklyn. A party of eight had started on board early in the morning from Rockaway for a day's fishing. The Ethel had cruised about until it reached a point some way out from the shore of Long Beach. Then White said a terrible explosion occurred. It seemed as if all the bottom of the boat was suddenly lifted up and blown into the air. Every person on board was hurled into the water. He sank with the rest. When he came to the surface he saw nothing but wreckage. There was not a body in sight. He swam to a buoy and clung there until rescued.

KILLED BY A LANDSLIDE.

Two Score of Indians Lose Their Lives by an Avalanche in the Far Northwest.

TACOMA, Wash., July 13.—About 6 o'clock a. m., July 7, those working and living near the North Pacific cannery at Skeena River, Wash., heard a great rushing noise in the direction of the high, steep mountain at the back of the cannery. In a moment an avalanche of rocks and earth and trees was upon the doomed settlement, carrying away everything close to the cannery. The occupants of the houses had time to get outside of the buildings, but, before they could escape from the advancing torrent of debris, were caught and carried along at a fearful velocity. In all nine houses, with their occupants, were destroyed, including the mess-house and residence of the foreman of the cannery. In the messroom at the time of the catastrophe was the young wife of the foreman. She was carried along and dashed to death. The Indians claim that among those destroyed were about forty Indians of the Post Sampson, Sitka, Metlakatlah and Kilimat tribes.

Life Sentence for Kuhns.

TIFFIN, O., July 13.—Judge Ridgely overruled the motion for a new trial for Marvin Kuhns, the Indiana horse thief who was convicted of murdering his pal, William M. Campean, in Fostoria last November, and sentenced Kuhns to life imprisonment at hard labor in the state penitentiary at Columbus.

Drew's Resignation Accepted.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—The comptroller of the currency has received the resignation of National Bank Examiner Drew, of Philadelphia. The resignation was at once accepted.

Died at the Age of 110.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Mrs. Josie Armstrong died here at the age of 110 years. Mrs. Armstrong is said to be the colored woman who nursed Abraham Lincoln's wife, and it is alleged her son played with "little Abe" before the latter had learned the art of splitting rails.

Jeff Davis' Remains Go to Richmond.

NEW YORK, July 13.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis has addressed a letter to the veterans and people of the southern states, saying that after much anxious thought she has finally decided to give to Richmond, Va., the care of her husband's mortal body.

BARDSLEY'S CHARGES.

They Are Emphatically Denied by Postmaster General Wanamaker—Suppressed Interviews Made Public.

PHILADELPHIA, July 11.—The subcommittee of the finance committee of the city council that is inquiring into the failure of the Keystone national bank and the affairs of ex-City Treasurer John Bardsley held a protracted session Friday afternoon. The main witnesses were Robert M. McWade, city editor of the Public Ledger; William V. McKean, editor in chief of the same paper, and Postmaster General Wanamaker.

Mr. McWade was the first witness. He said in answer to questions that he went to the county prison June 18 and interviewed the imprisoned ex-city treasurer. Bardsley talked freely and understood that the interview was for publication. He told Bardsley at the beginning that in view of certain charges that had been made in the newspapers he thought it proper for him to make a full statement, particularly as to what became of the $945,000 deposited and which had disappeared, the charge being made that it had been stolen. After McWade had written out the first statement he said a consultation was held between Mr. McKean, himself and other members of the editorial force of the Ledger, and after full deliberation and discussion it was decided not to publish it because so strong referencer, unsupported by facts, was made to certain people.

Mr. McKean was not sworn. He aid that as editor of the Ledger he had charge of the interview which Mr. McWade had obtained. He said that because the statement implicated a number of reputable citizens it was decided that it was not proper to publish it. It was locked up in the office fire-proof safe, and had, so far as he knew, never been out of the Ledger office until brought to the committee-room now. No member of the committee had ever seen it; in fact, no one except the three editors of the Ledger had ever seen it. Both interviews were submitted to the committee.

It was decided by a vote of 5 to 2 to at once listen to the public reading of the statements. Mr. McWade, being familiar with the manuscript, was asked to read the papers. Much that Bardsley told to Mr. McWade was afterward incorporated in the statement he read in court when called up for sentence June 23 and which has already been published. In these Bardsley again went over the story of the Keystone bank and stoutly maintained that he put the $930,000 in the bank, but did not know what became of it any more than he believed that President Marsh got it. Bardsley said that Bank Examiner Drew had been a heavy borrower from the Keystone bank and was completely under Lucas and Marsh's thumb.

In regard to John Wanamaker Bardsley said that Marsh told him that he knowingly held overissue shares of bank stock and demanded $100,000 for them and upset the plans for reorganization of the bank, then Bardsley said he advised Marsh to engage counsel and make a demand on Wanamaker for the overissued shares, as he was guilty of a crime in holding them. Marsh retained Mayor Sulzberger and John O'Johnson as his counsel and they made a demand on Wanamaker which he refused. Wanamaker's position was that the Lucas estate should pay him $50,000, Marsh $25,000 and the bank $25,000. The lawyers then notified Mr. Wanamaker that if the fraudulent shares were not delivered to them by a specified date they would resort to legal measures to get them. The shares were then turned over without delay. Wanamaker had made a threat that he would see Comptroller Lacey in Washington and have the bank closed before they expected it. "In March, 1890," said Bardsley, "Marsh came to me and said Wanamaker wanted $200,000 at once. Marsh told him that he did not have the amount on hand and Wanamaker told him where he could get it. Two days later Marsh came to me saying that Wanamaker was persistent and must have the money. I loaned him the money and Wanamaker got it."

Postmaster General Wanamaker entered the room while Bardsley's statement was being read. In answer to questions he said that his interests in the Keystone bank are out of his acquaintance with President Lucas and his brother when they were young merchants. He said that he never pledged the overissued stock after he was told it was an overissue and it was out of his hands at the time. He did not know H. H. Yard and never had met Mr. Lucas but once, and that was at an interview about the overissued stock. As to the story told by Bardsley to McWade that he had threatened to close the bank unless he was paid for the overissued stock, and that Lawyer Sulzberger and Johnson had forced him to return it, Mr. Wanamaker said it was absolutely false. Bardsley's statement that Marsh obtained from him $200,000 for Wanamaker in March, 1890, he said was absolutely untrue and without the slightest foundation, and invited the committee to inspect his books.

Mr. Wanamaker was then informed by a member of the committee that during an examination of the stockbook of the Keystone bank they had found 3,200 shares of stock in his name in addition to the 2,515 shares which he testified had been given him by Lucas to use as collateral for a deal in Reading stock. "When I appeared before this committee before," said Mr. Wanamaker, "I confined myself principally to the business of the firm in my deals with Lucas in Reading. I did not suppose the committee wanted to hear of private operations."

In regard to the stock which has been found in his name, 250 shares of it, Mr. Wanamaker said, was held by Irvin & Toland, his bankers, as collateral. This reduced it to 2,000 shares of stock. Of these, five blocks of 200 shares each were dated March 3, 1886, and while issued in his name the power of attorney had never been indorsed by him, and they could never have been used. Of these shares he had absolutely no knowledge.

The next lot, five blocks of 200 shares each, was dated four weeks earlier—February 3, 1886. He was a director in the Girard Trust Company and Lucas came to him and asked him to obtain a loan of $40,000 on the stock. "I have been just foolish enough," said Mr. Wanamaker, "all my life to do those things and I got the money on the stock and gave it to him. Could [illegible] erable time afterward it was paid off by the Lucas estate and they got the stock back."

Mr. Wanamaker also presented the committee with a letter from John G. Lucas, dated May 28, 1886, inclosing a check to pay the interest on this loan. "Of the other unused five blocks of stock," said Mr. Wanamaker, "my impression is that Mr. Lucas at first intended to ask for a larger loan and so issued them. It was never used, however, as it could not have been without my indorsement. I know of no other stock, but I remember that ten years ago when Lucas was securing control of the bank he came to me and said he did not want people to know who certain stock belonged to, and for a time he placed some in my name. In regard to certificate No. 450, which was transferred by H. H. Yard to Scudder & Durham, of Trenton, that is a part of the stock on which the loan from the Girard Trust Company was secured, and after the Lucas estate got it back it was very likely to pass over to Yard again to raise money on."

The fact that some of the certificates held as collateral by Irvin & Toland were dated after Lucas' death he said was due to the brokers' refusal to handle them while in a dead man's name. In closing his testimony Mr. Wanamaker read letters from Comptroller Lacey and Assistant Secretary Nettleton to show that he had never influenced or delayed the appointment for an instant of a receiver for the Keystone bank.

SIX CORPSES.

They Are Found in a Nebraska Farmhouse—J. H. Puterbaugh Believed to Have Taken the Lives of His Wife and Four Children and Then Killed Himself.

ELLIS, Neb., July 11.—About 4 o'clock Friday afternoon Mrs. Dr. Allen, of Beatrice, came to Ellis on a visit to her brother, John H. Puterbaugh, who lived a mile and a half south of town. She was driven to the farm by Louis Perling and knocked at the door, but receiving no response entered the house, the door not being locked. As she entered she saw her brother on the floor near the door and supposed he was asleep. She spoke to him, but there being no response looked more closely and saw blood and her brother's ghastly face. Mrs. Allen called Perling in, who made an investigation and found a horrible state of affairs. On a bed in the room in which the husband and father lay was the mother with a bullet through her head. In bed with her was a 2-year-old babe, also shot through the head. On a lounge in the room lay a lad of 10 years dead, shot through the head. In the room above was another bed occupied by two young girls, one 13 and one 15, both with bullet holes in their heads. The dead are John Puterbaugh, his wife and four children. How they met their horrible fate is as yet not known, only by surmise. The general belief is that the terrible deed was the work of the husband and father. The motive is not known, as Puterbaugh was a peaceable man in comfortable circumstances, and it is believed no trouble existed in the family.

Coroner Wells, of Beatrice, arrived on the scene shortly after 6 o'clock, and the inquest is in progress. It seems certain that the terrible crime was committed by Puterbaugh. By his side, under his arm, lay a 32-caliber, six-chambered revolver with all the chambers empty. The scene in the house was a horrible one and made the strongest hearted turn away. The faces of the dead, though covered with blood, were calm as though sleeping. No signs of fear were portrayed on any of them and no evidence of a struggle was seen anywhere. All seemed to have been killed while sleeping and all were shot directly through the skull. In every case the pistol was placed close to the head, as powder stain were visible upon the pillows or bed clothing.

Puterbaugh was not a drinking man and had the reputation of being an honest and peaceable citizen. He suffered from the grip last spring and since then has not been in the best of health, frequently complaining of a pain in his head. He was a man about 38 or 40 years of age, and his wife was a year or two younger. The murdered children were as follows: Carrie, 15 years; Mabel, 13 years; Charles, 10 years; Ralph, 2 years. One son, Allen, 17 years of age, survives. He was away from home at work, having left Wednesday.

Puterbaugh was in Beatrice Wednesday and is said to have then purchased the revolver with which the terrible deed was committed. In the barn near the house were the two mules and three horses. Hitched to a wagon in front of the barn were two more horses, and in the field a number of cows. The house was fairly well furnished for a farm house, and in the cupboard was an abundance of good food. Puterbaugh owned 240 acres of land which he purchased March last from A. Wisnell, of Beatrice. He was liked by all who knew him here and at his former home in Diller.

OVER A MILLION.

Enormous Debts of the Falls Bank of Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 11.—The Falls City bank has closed its doors, making an assignment to the Mechanics' Trust Company. Bad debts and bad management are responsible. For over six months the clearing house has been tiding it over, but it was never able to recover from the panic of last December, when the general money market was so tight. It had a capital stock of $600,000. The liabilities, including the capital stock, will reach $1,200,000. The depositors will probably be paid in full, but the stockholders will be fortunate if they get 10 per cent.

The bank has been in a tottering condition for some time. It began to topple last December, but the other banks, fearful that its failure would precipitate a general crash, came to its rescue. First the clearing house loaned it $50,000, then a month later $50,000 more. It has thus been kept up until the danger of a general panic was averted. The other banks, however, have since obtained a firm footing and recently concluded to withdraw the props from the Falls City bank. This was done with the above result.

In 1869 this bank was the victim of one of the most sensational robberies in criminal history. The robbers engaged a room overhead and bored through the walls into the vault, securing $100,000 in money and collaterals.

An unknown man threw himself in front of a Burlington freight train near [illegible]

CROWDED FOR ROOM.

A Pretty State of Affairs in the Interior Department.

Clerks Packed in Small Rooms Like Sardines in a Box—The Onerous Duties of Mr. Ryan, Private Secretary to Mr. Noble.

The building occupied by the interior department is entirely too small for the business requirements of the various bureaus, although it covers one of the largest squares in the city. It was almost painfully apparent during the recent centennial celebration of the patent system that the splendid Ionic edifice is barely large enough for the uses of the patent office; yet the interior department embraces the Indian office, general land office, pension office, patent office, geological survey and other bureaus. One of the leading patent lawyers of the country, in an interview with the secretary of the interior, said: "You ought to move out of this building and give up your own rooms to the patent office employes. Take up your official residence in some hotel, and tell congress that the growing business has driven you out of the department building, and then may be the pennywise and pound foolish congressmen will realize the need of a new public building for the interior department."

Secretary Noble occupies a large room on the main floor in the southeastern corner of the building, his private secretary has a small ante-room, beyond which is the room of Assistant Secretary Chandler, and, communicating with the remainder of the suite, are the rooms of Chief Clerk Dawson and Assistant Secretary Bussey. The visitor can readily see that all of these officials are busy, but cannot immediately understand that they are crowded for room almost as much as the clerks in other portions of the department. On the opposite side of the hall is the appointment division, and the clerks there are so cramped for room that they can scarcely turn around between their desks and the files in which are kept all of the papers of applicants for office. Chief Clerk Tonner, his assistant, Mr. Allen, and the handsome lady typewriters are packed into two rooms more like sardines in a box than anything else. There ought to be at least six such rooms for this division alone.

The models in the patent office are intelligently catalogued and can be readily found when needed, although they number about a million; but, they are

PRIVATE SECRETARY RYAN

in cases tier upon tier in a seemingly inextricable chaos of confusion. Wooden partitions disfigure the handsome corridors and the clerks are less comfortably situated than in any other public office. There is a tremendous amount of business transacted by the various bureaus of the great department and every employe is kept busy during office hours, while quite a number of them remain after the department closes, every day, or else return at night to continue or complete some special work. The chiefs of divisions, heads of bureaus, as well as assistant secretaries, and the secretary too, spend more time and energy in the furtherance of the department business than any of the subordinate clerks in the civil service. The recently appointed commissioner of the general land office, Mr. Carter, of Montana, is devoting a great deal of time and strength to the duties of his responsible position. He is an organizer and hard worker; but has already discovered that his office is hampered for room. It is exceedingly discouraging and saps the vim and vigor of a public official to find himself handicapped by the parsimonious congress of a wealthy and liberal people.

One of the most important positions in the department, and at the same time one of the most unpretentious, is that of private secretary to the secretary of the interior. Visitors pass and repass the little ante-room adjoining the office of the secretary giving it only a casual glance, yet it is the working room of one of the most important functionaries of the department. Secretary Noble recently said to me: "If it were not for the civil service law I would not be able to transact any business here at all. The seekers after office are so numerous and so well recommended that they almost take the department by storm." And yet numerous as they are the secretary sees but comparatively few of them. The ante-room of the private secretary is daily thronged with visitors of both sexes and all classes, each individual having some matter of importance to himself or herself, which they desire to bring to the personal attention of the secretary; and in a majority of cases they are after appointments to office. The private secretary listens to their tales of woe, gives them good advice, asks them to call again, or tells them that they need not call again as the secretary will not see them; or, to the favored few he opens the door and ushers them into the presence of the cabinet minister. Many of these callers have business which they can better transact with the assistant secretaries or heads of bureaus; and the private secretary directs them in the proper channel and dismisses them.

Mr. William F. Ryan, who is at present acting as private secretary to Secretary Noble, seems to be especially adapted to the duties of his position. He has a suave, polished manner, keen insight into character, wide acquaintance and tireless devotion to duty, as well as loyalty and fidelity in marked degree. I have known him for a long time but never spent much time in his room until to-day, when his work appeared as a revelation to me. Probably very few persons in this city realize the amount and character of intelligent endeavor which is daily put forth by this private secretary. He receives each caller politely, gently, ascertains the name, residence and object of each individual and disposes of them all with the ability of a born diplomat. It matters not whether the caller be the greatest man in his township or a veritable crank from an asylum, Mr. Ryan satisfies and pleases them all. Probably the secretary of the interior himself does not realize what amount of work is done in the room adjoining his own nor how many annoyances are kept from him by his able assistant. Mr. Ryan is very popular with the newspaper men of this city. Fifteen years ago he was a bright, chubby, handsome boy and employed as stenographer by various correspondents on newspaper row. His first great effort as a shorthand reporter was in 1876, when he accompanied Mr. Z. L. White to St. Louis and reported for the New York Tribune the proceedings of the convention which nominated Mr. Tilden for the presidency. Subsequently he worked for Maj. John M. Carson, of the Philadelphia Ledger; Mr. Dunnell, of the New York Times; Mr. Wight, of the Chicago Inter Ocean, and other leading papers. Maj. Carson to-day said:

"One of the most faithful, reliable young men I have ever known was little Billy Ryan. He was an orphan boy, born in the district of Columbia, who taught himself shorthand and by his own efforts supported his widowed mother and sisters. He was very industrious, always sober and an unusually steady, manly little fellow for his years. We all became interested in him, and, realizing the struggle which he was making for the benefit of his family, rather than for himself, a couple of correspondents united with me and requested his appointment in the interior department. Hon. Carl Schurz, at that time secretary of the interior, appointed Ryan to a clerkship in the pension office under Col. Dudley, and he passed through every grade in the civil service by regular promotion for merit until he reached the important position which he now occupies, by designation of Secretary Noble in 1889. He deserves, because he has earned, success."

As a local reporter in this city young Ryan made the acquaintance of public men by assignments to interview them. Clarence Barton, now of Olympia, Wash., was managing editor of the National Republican of this city, and he always called on Ryan to secure interviews because they were invariably verbatim and absolutely reliable. By the way, that is the most important work to be done by newspaper men in this city—interviewing statesmen and reporting them accurately. The acquisition of acquaintances was correlative to the making of friends by the young stenographer, for he retains until this day the warm friendship of leading men of both political parties. He knows every member, ex-member and member-elect of both houses of congress of the present day, and is familiar with the peculiarities and fads of nearly all of them. As the guardian of the door of the secretary he knows whom to welcome, to whom the door is open and for whom it is never open.

The public duties of the private secretary—that is, those which are visible to the general public—constitute but a portion of the labors of this worthy young man. He takes from dictation all of the important correspondence of the secretary and prepares all letters for his signature, seals and mails them, and also prepares answers to hundreds of letters which the secretary never is obliged to even see or hear of, although they are addressed to him. It would be physically impossible for the secretary to personally read all letters addressed to him. The career of this young man might well be emulated by young men everywhere. Poverty, orphanage and other discouragements can be overcome by honesty and industry.

SMITH D. FRY.

Properly Shocked.

At sight of the castor oil bottle Willie had disappeared.

"Come, dear," coaxed his mother, "and take your medicine, like a little man."

"You ought to be ashamed," answered a muffled voice under the lounge, "to talk like a prize fighter."—Chicago Tribune.

Assisted by Gravitation.

Philanthropist—Don't you find it hard work to carry those hods of mortar into this basement?

Hod Carrier (cheerfully)—No, mon; it do be a soft shnap. Whin Oi'm goin' down me load helps me fashter, an' whin Oi'm comin' up, sure there's uothin' to carry.—Judge.

UNINTENTIONAL VERIFICATION.

(Soliloquizing) "Stare, my good people, stare! You undoubtedly see something worth looking at."

—Judge.

And Jennie Blushed.

Old Gentleman—Where is that book called "Don't?" Anyone know?

Bobby—I think it is in the parlor. You were reading it last night to Mr. Spoondyke, weren't you, Jennie?

Jennie—Why no, Bobby. Why do you think so?

Bobby—'Cause I heard you saying "don't" a good many times.—Boston Herald.

Cowed the Old Man.

Father (threateningly)—I've a great mind to thrash you.

Little Son—Take a man of yer size. Take me.

Father trembles at the thought, and sits down.—Good News.

Cause for Alarm.

Young Mother—Do you notice how quiet the baby is now?

The Brute—Yes. Is he dead?—Jury.

Not an Even Match.

Baron Figgtryy—I wonder why that American heiress rejected me.

His Valet—Perhaps she is too rich for your blood.—Puck.

THE ADVICE SOCIAL.

A Novel Way of Replenishing an Empty Treasury.

As Santa Ynez was a small town, a small matter produced a great sensation. Real estate speculations, auction sales and late arrivals, all paled into insignificance, when compared with the doings of a certain Thursday evening. The affair was carefully credited to a pair of New England maidens, usually known as "those Pinckney girls." The girls in question had the invention and quick wittedness which characterize the natives of Yankee land, but which never attains its full height until it is transplanted to California soil. Helen and Bertha Pinckney had long ago exhausted the social resources of Santa Ynez. They walked, they drove, they joined Spanish conversation classes and took lessons on the guitar. They wrote glowing letters to the home papers about the climate and scenery around Santa Ynez. They did their best to cheer up poor Mrs. Pinckney, who pined for the bleak and chilling air of dear Massachusetts.

"I have made a discovery," announced Bertha one morning when she returned from her walk.

"Another?" remarked her sister, not looking up from her book.

"Now do show some interest, Helen. There is the nicest little free kindergarten in the lower part of Olive avenue. I have just been visiting it, and I know all about the teacher and everything. It's nominally supported by the Santa Ynez Free Kindergarten association, but there are almost no funds in the treasury. There, now, you're beginning to look enthused. What *are* you thinking about?"

"My dream last night, and I was wondering if it wouldn't make an original entertainment."

"For what? Oh, I see, the kindergarten benefit. I hope it wasn't a popcorn social, or a necktie and apron performance, or a donkey party."

"No, indeed, this was something new, and with a few changes will do very well for our grand benefit."

"Tell me all about it—no, let me get a pencil and some paper first, and I'll note down a few ideas as they come to me, while you are talking."

There was a box in the Santa Ynez drugstore. It had a slit in its top, and it was labelled:

"ADVICE BOX."

On its front was pasted the following notice:

"Persons who wish to give advice on any topic are invited to make use of this box. Communications must be unsigned and placed in envelopes, which must be addressed to the persons for whom the advice is intended. The box will be opened and advice distributed at the 'Advice Social.' Proceeds of entertainment for the free kindergarten. Notice of time and place given later."

The young drug clerk smiled to himself when he saw how cautiously the box was approached. Though he appeared to be looking another way, he knew when the envelopes were slipped into the narrow opening. Helen and Bertha spent their spare time in writing letters of advice. They were at this moment scribbling for dear life, Helen at her desk and Bertha at the round table. Finally Helen looked over to her sister.

"We must make this a success, Bertha, if we write every bit of it. I spoke to Leoni Everett this morning, and she agreed to 'typewrite' them and burn the originals. She is Millbank's confidential secretary, you know, and as silent as the grave."

"Yes, she's just the one to do that part of it. You ought to hear my last piece of advice. It's for Frank Kittredge.

"'You are advised not to wear such gorgeous ties. You have good taste in other matters, but your vivid ties spoil the general effect. You are also too fond of making yourself the topic of conversation. Your likes and dislikes, your experiences and your relatives, are more interesting to you than to other people.'"

"Why, Bertha Pinckney, how could you say such things to Mr. Kittredge?"

"I couldn't, that's the point. Nobody wants to tell a handsome, good-natured young man such unpleasant truths. But nobody can dispute two facts—those flaming ties and his everlasting I's. Well, I didn't expect to fall into rhyming unawares."

"I am going to disguise the style of my advice letters as much as possible," said Helen. "Take this, for instance, to Anna Peel:

"'Friend of my heart, there is but one flaw in the beautiful jewel of your being, in your melodious lute one tiny rift. Your voice is music and your smile enchantment, but your laugh—'tis like sweet bells out of tune, and jars upon the ear. Would you be free from defects? Modify that laugh or dispense with it altogether. These words come from one who admires you sincerely.' There, will anyone accuse me of writing that?" said Helen, laughing in spite of herself.

"I think not. Now I have thought of something. We must write ourselves some advice letters, more severe than any that we send away. Then we can show them to others, and they won't feel that we have escaped."

It seems strange that we trust in our friends and tell them our dearest secrets, but we resent the truth when it comes to a bit of advice. And yet the departments in magazines are flooded by persons who ask for the opinion of the editor. But then, an editor is a mysterious person, and a message from him is like the utterance of an oracle.

The town hall in Santa Ynez was decorated for the Advice Social. On the wall back of the platform, the following appropriate words were placed:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

The friends of the Free Kindergarten were all there. They sat back comfortably, with the placidity which only follows a large sale of tickets. As one whispered to another, it made no difference whether the hall was full or not, the money was virtually in the treasury. But the hall began to fill at an early hour, and by eight o'clock there was not a vacant seat to be seen. Bertha and Helen Pinckney played a brilliant four-hand piece on the grand piano, which received little attention and less applause. A few humorous songs and readings followed, but for some reason or other they seemed dull or silly.

"They act just like children at a Christmas entertainment," whispered Bertha to her sister; "they can't wait to see their present." The last number on the programme was called, "Distribution of Advice." Name after name was read by the young drug clerk, and the envelopes were carried by pages. The young man dispensed some of his most bitter pills that evening, though he did not compound the mixture. The expressions on the faces of the audience were worth the study of an artist.

One young fellow tore open his envelope, glanced at its contents and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Here, I want to see that," said his companion.

"I'll show you mine; come now, Jack, what nils you, anyway?"

Jack turned an angry red and stubbornly refused to display his piece of advice. Some girls in front were amused by their discoveries.

"Oh, I just know who wrote this," whispered the prettiest one to her next neighbor.

"It was old Miss Smith. I know it just as well as if she had signed her name at the bottom. It sounds just exactly like her: 'You are too pert and forward for a young woman; your elders have learned wisdom by experience, and it would be much better if you were guided by their judgment. You are too bold and noisy when you are in company with young men. Though they may laugh and joke with you, they respect modesty and reserve.' There, I suppose because I do have lots of attention, she thinks I must encourage them, but I don't, do I, Maud?"

"Of course you don't," the faithful Maud answered, her big, round face vainly trying to express her indignation. After reading her own bit of advice, she turned to her friend for sympathy.

"Isn't this great? Just listen, will you: 'You are one of the kindest and best of girls, and you must not mind it if a true friend speaks plainly to you. If you wear dark colors and simple styles, your size is not noticeable, but you are too fond of large plaids and conspicuous effects.' There, that's what mother is always telling me, but I do love bright scarlet and blue or yellow; my new dress is one of those big plaids, all bias, you know. Well, I'll have to make the best of it, now I've got it."

A few feet away sat Maurice Henderson and his pretty young wife. They were the only children of admiring parents, were handsome, rich and lately married. The little wife looked up into her husband's face as he read his letter of advice. His dark eyes flashed for a moment as he read: 'You hide behind a mask, but your real inclinations are known to one at least. You may deceive your wife, that would certainly be an easy matter, but you cannot deceive the author of these words. There are glances which cannot be controlled, gestures and expressions which betray your secret.' Maurice crumpled his paper carelessly and feigned to drop it on the floor, but in reality he kept it for a second reading. In the seat behind them sat Mrs. Estabrooke, the leader in church socials, bazars and festivals. She was reading the following words: "You are a good housekeeper, a good mother and a great worker in public affairs. You deserve to be commended for all these, but there is one thing in which you fail. It is in the treatment of your husband. It is your habit to make fun of his peculiarities and contradict his opinions. This is carried on to such an extent that it annoys your visitors or friends who happen to be present. Your children imitate your spirit, and have little or no respect for their father. Though he is not self-assertive or arbitrary, he is listened to by men of intelligence and judgment, who are able to appreciate his qualities." Mrs. Estabrooke looked around the hall to see if she could discover the person who would dare to address such advice to her, but each seemed occupied with the mysterious messages. Helen and Bertha Pinckney received a joint letter, and read it together:

"This advice is intended for you both; for one just as much as for the other. I suppose you originated this affair, but it seems almost as if the evil one must have suggested it. You have come to Santa Ynez from some little country town in New England, where they have more brains than sense, but you are always careful to speak of yourselves as coming right from 'Boston.' Probably you think that will give you some advantage over western people, who are 'so uncultured.' No, I never heard you use those words, but your manner showed that you thought them. You easterners are used to living in a little, cramped-up corner of the universe, that you may get small in all your ways. You study everything you see through your glasses, and look at it critically. The great country of the west is something more than a great show for you to be amused by watching. We are not so refined that we can't enjoy life, and I hope we never shall be. But we don't expect to be revised or edited by you or your advice, and we are glad of a chance to say so."

"Oh, oh," said Helen and Bertha at the same time.

"It must be a joke."

"No, somebody—"

"Some woman."

"Yes, probably, some woman is paying off old scores."

"But who could it be?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's time to go home now, and if you think best, I'll play a march for a postlude."

The consequences of that evening could not have been prophesied. Those who were formerly the best of friends regarded each other with unconcealed suspicion. Members of the same family made accusations and received denials. Each one felt as if his neighbor were untrustworthy, and as if an unguarded moment would be paid for by a home thrust. The only person in Santa Ynez who did not regret the affair was the cheery little kindergarten teacher.

"It's made our school a certainty for this year and a part of next, anyway. By that time somebody may be able to think of something which will be as financially successful as the famous 'Advice Social.'"—Mary Peabody Sawyer, in Boston Budget.

He Probably Had Heard So.

Not long ago a class of small boys in Sunday-school were asked their idea of Heaven. A ragged little urchin, who had been born and brought up in a squalid city, said it was "grass and green trees;" one from the richer quarter said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet-voiced choir boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in Heaven. The last member of the class, a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class, answered: "A place where—where—you're never going!"—Christian Inquirer.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The wild beast business seems to be very active. Carl Hagenbeck, of the Crystal palace, has, during the past year, disposed of 741 lions, over 700 tigers, 350 elephants and panthers. Nine hundred pounds was paid for a female hippopotamus, £600 for a rhinoceros, and £200 for a tapir. Lions vary in price from £10 up to £100. A fine tiger fetches £200, and a white bear only £60.

—Acres of ground around Sandringham, the prince of Wales' country seat, are devoted to the cultivation of lilies of the valley, the sweet-scented and ever-popular spring blossom. In the little village near there is little else except a remarkably fine ruin of a little church, and hundreds of thousands of the pure bell-shaped blossoms are sent up to London every year.

—The working classes of Italy are very poorly fed. The consumption of meat is very scant except on feast days, and but little wine is drunk. Living is almost exclusively confined to cereals (wheat, maize, rice), with vegetables and other green herbs, cooked with bacon. The food in general is very deficient in nitrogenous qualities, the bulk of which is derived from vegeteble rather than animal food.

—M. Leygonie, the Paris commissaire de police, is having great trouble with a haunted house on the Boules vard Voltaire, No. 123. In this establishment the beds shake and dance, the tables kick like mules, and the walls give out unearthly noises. The policemen are slapped and slugged by invisible hands, and altogether the place is just about as uncomfortable for them as the evil spirits can make it. The Paris papers have been giving columns to this house, and the commissaire is at his wits' end.

—France's stagnation of population has been seriously discussed by the academy of medicine, with the result of evolving a strong sentiment for adopting various means of resisting epidemics such as the French have not inclined to hitherto, compulsory vaccination for instance. Prof. Tarnier, however, the president of the academy, resolved upon a much more directly efficacious measure. He has offered to the peasants of his native parish, Arbusier-Ville, a prize of one hundred francs for each child born.

—The Chinese government is strictly opposed to obscene literature. A law was recently promulgated to the following effect: "All government officials who allow immoral books to be published within their respective jurisdictions shall be discharged. Every private person publishing such a book shall receive 100 blows and be banished from his place of residence to a distance of 3,000 lees. The seller of an obscene book shall get 100 blows. Within thirty days from the issue of this law all the obscene books of the empire shall be destroyed, beginning with those now in print."

A DESERT WEDDING.

An Interesting Account of a Marriage Among the Wandering Bedouins.

A Bedouin wedding, which I lately had the occasion to witness, took place in Ramleh—a seaside resort near Alexandria—where many houses have a Bedouin ghafir, who pitches his tent near his master's house, and lives there with his family and cattle, if he has any.

The bridegroom was the son of a friend's ghafir. Previous to the engagement the father had obtained three days' leave on the plea of his going down to Alexandria for the choice of a daughter-in-law. On the evening of the third day several shots fired successively announced to the native Bedouins the ghafir's return and the happy result of his mission. The wedding was fixed for that day week.

Groups of Bedouins hastened to answer to the invitation, and after some talking and shouting the men soon formed a ring and began clapping hands, the body keeping time to the movements of the hands by going upward and downward. Now and then one of the fellows wailed forth a Bedouin song, while the others chorused. The women sat chatting before the tent and occasionally filled the air with the shrill sound of the ziraleet. No refreshment was offered and their sole eclairage was the moon, whose silvery light gave a weird aspect to the whole scene. After an hour's amusement the guests retired.

The next evening the firing brought forth all the company of the preceding night. This time the great attraction was two dancing women, very picturesquely dressed, and their faces covered with a soft black muslin. They entered the ring formed by the men, each of them holding a long staff—an adjunct to the various movements of their figures. They went round and round, shaking their hips and leaning at different intervals on their staffs, while the clapping of hands redoubled in whichever part of the ring the women approached. I observed a young enthusiast take a handful of sand from where one of the women had trodden and kiss it repeatedly. I noticed that the bridegroom was absent, and, asking for the cause, was informed that he was too bashful to appear. Two hours later the company dispersed, to begin afresh at intervals during the short engagement.

At last the eventful morning dawned. A new tent had been pitched for the young couple, while in that of the old ones several cauldrons full of rice and water were boiling. When the rice was done some oil was poured over it, and then very large wooden bowls were brought forward to receive the contents of the cauldrons. This formed the whole menu of the wedding breakfast, and was attended to by the bridegroom's mother, aided by some other matrons. The ghafir and the young people had gone to fetch the bride. They had taken with them one of the ghafir's camels, which they had gayly decorated wite red and blue cloth, and erected a canopy on its back to receive the bride.

A large procession was formed, headed by horsemen and other Bedouins armed with guns, which they fired frequently. The bride, completely hidden from sight by the curtains of the canopy, and followed by the women, brought up the rear. They went all over Ramleh, stopping before every friend's tent to dance, fire and sing. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the merry party arrived at the bridegroom's place. The latter had remained at home. The father, who was holding the camel's bridle, handed it over to his wife, who led the animal seven times around the bridal tent, each time accompanied by shots, which are the chief feature in a Bedouin wedding. Finally the camel stopped before the entrance of the tent, and the bride was carried in by her mother-in-law.

I was curious to see her face, and, as I was asked to go in, I gladly accepted. The tent had two apartments, and was quite devoid of furniture, except some rugs and straw mattings, on one of which the bride sat, surrounded by other women. She was a girl of fourteen, with regular features, beautiful black eyes, and tattooed chin—a most prevalent fashion among Bondoin women. She wore a long, dark-red silk chemise, caught up at the waist with a deep sash. On her head she wore a dark blue veil, tied with a red silk handkerchief, beneath which very fine plaits of jet black hair came down in two bandeaux over her temples. After exchanging a few complimentary words with her, I withdrew, glad to escape the stifling atmosphere of the tent.

A sheik had been called to perform the marriage contract, which took place between the parents of both parties. The new couple were not present at the ceremony. The ghafir hand over to his son's father-in-law fifty pounds on condition that, if later on the young wife should ask to be divorced from her husband the money was to come back to its first owner; and if, on the contrary, the husband claimed a separation, the sum would remain with his father-in-law.

During that time the guests had sat over their frugal meal, of which they partook in groups of four or five persons around each wooden bowl. Their fingers spared them the use of forks and spoons. While they were stil occupied with their repart the bridegroom stole to the nuptial tent, where he saw his wife for the first time. Half an hour afterward the noisy party broke up and quiet reigned.—London Queen.

MARRYING A PRINCE.

Stories of the Courtship and Wedding of Albert Edward of Wales.

Two stories are related on creditable authority of the manner in which the heir apparent to the throne of England first heard of the charms of the prince of Denmark's daughter; and both of them form pretty incidents in the prologue of what is regarded as the most charming royal romance in modern times. H. R. H. Albert Edward chanced, so it is said, to be whiling away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three congenial spirits, young men of rank and position near enough to his own to make even discussions on domestic questions possible, and the matrimonial outlook for one of the party was brought up. Col. —— drew from his pocket a photograph, as he supposed, of his fiancee to show it proudly to his companions. But instead of Lady ——'s likeness there appeared a rather poorly taken carte de visite of the most charming girl the prince's eyes had ever rested upon—a girl wearing a simple little white gown and louse white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon circling her throat, and her hair smoothed back from her brow, leaving the beautiful young face to be admired for itself alone. The eyes and lips seemed to be smiling at the prince, who gazed at the picture, demanding to know who in the world this lovely "country girl" might be. "The daughter of the prince of Denmark," was the answer, and, naturally enough, the carte de visite changed owners. H. R. H. showed it that evening to a confidential friend one who knew of the matrimonial designs of the queen for the prince of Wales, a bride from one of the well-known German houses having been selected. The quaint little photograph had not left the prince's keeping when a few days later he again, and quite by chance, encountered at the house of a certain duchess the same noble young face, this time exquisitely painted in miniature, the property of a lady who had just returned from Denmark.

Never, so it is said, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, had there been anything so sumptuous as the preparations for the progress of this royal bride from Gravesend to London, thence on to Windsor Castle. It seemed as though the whole nation had swarmed into public view, so crowded were the thoroughfares, the country-side and the shores which greeted the eyes of the Danish girl, whose new dignity seemed to have acquired something positively spectacular in the splendor with which the people set it forth.

Early in the day sixty young ladies, attired in the red and white colors of Denmark, assembled at the wharves to strew flowers beneath the feet of the prince's bride. The moment the yacht came in view bearing its precious freight the air was rent with cheers, at which, so relates a lady in the party, Alexandra turned pale with excitement and clung to her mother, hardly knowing what to do or say in answer to the wild tumult of the people. Those upon the shore saw a pretty sight: a timid, girlish figure dressed entirely in white, who appeared on the deck at her mother's side; then, returning to the cabin, was seen first at one window, then at another, the bewitching face framed in a little white bonnet, the work of her own hands—that which, it may be remarked, had to be replaced at Gravesend for something more suited to the bride of the Prince of Wales. The prince's yacht approached that of his bride, the gangway was thrown down, and immediately he was seen by all those thousands to rush across it, and, waiting for no formal word of greeting, and to the delight of the onlookers, caught the princess in his arms and kissed her, "just," as an honest Yorkshire man said to me in describing the scene, "as though she were any other lass."—Lippincott.

What Chili Has to Sell.

Mining is reckoned as Chili's most important industry, and agriculture next. Among the articles of export wheat and flour figure prominently; also barley, potatoes, corn, wool, hides, dried and salted beef, honey, beeswax, beans, hay, butter and cheese. Most of these, however, go no further than Bolivia and Peru, the countries immediately to the northward. Chilian wines are also highly esteemed, and have not only a very large consumption at home, but millions of gallons are annually exported. In South America, as in Europe, everybody drinks wine, and water on the dinner-table would be considered such a mark of barbarism that even a Tierra del Fuegoan would not indulge in it if he became sufficiently civilized to own a table. Yet there is little drunkenness here, and what there is is mostly among foreigners who have learned whisky guzzling at home and los pobres who are obliged to confine themselves to chicha. The latter beverages in Chili is not all like the corn-chicha of the northern countries, this being a sort of raw cider distilled from the grape.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

PITH AND POINT.

—Preferred Creditors—The man who was tired of having everyone his debtor.—Puck.

—Waiter—"Very fine chicken that, sir." Guest—"Yes. I wonder how it escaped being killed for such a long time."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Alas! It is an age of doubt," sighed the philosopher. "What?" asked his companion. "The age of woman," he answered.—Harvard Lampoon.

—She—"Why was it that the Creator made woman after man?" He—"Possibly because he wanted to finish the job before the critic arrived."—N. Y. Herald.

—Prematurely, in Some Cases.—Visitor—"I suppose your college has turned out a great many graduates?" Professor—"Yes, and a good many who were not graduates."—Saturday Evening Herald.

—It's Often So.—

At first sight we loved madly;
At second came a pall;
At third we wondered sadly
How we loved at a'l.

—Harper's Bazar.

—Fogg—"Ah, Fenderson! You're coming to the club to-night?" Fenderson—"I was coming, but I have changed my mind." Fogg—"Gracious, man! that is all the more reason for your coming."—Boston Transcript.

—First Student—"How it blows! And listen, hear how the telegraph wires hum up above there!" Second Student—"I hear! Let me tell you, that's the answer from my pater familias. I telegraphed him to send me some money."

—Mudge—"I know I am right. I'll bet the drinks that I am." Timmins—"I would take you up, but I do not drink." Mudge—"Oh, don't let that stop you. I'll agree to drink both drinks myself, win or lose."—Indianapolis Journal.

—No Flies.—A performance in plena at the police court: The judge to a poor wretch about to receive sentence—"You have nothing to add to your confession?" "Nothing, judge, nothing. I'd rather take back something."—Paris Figaro.

—Mrs. Brown—"I declare! Just hear that canary sing! It's always so; every time anybody begins to play on the piano that bird begins to chatter." Mrs. White—"Yes; one would almost think the bird to be human."—Boston Transcript.

—Cleverton—"Have you any idea how much that dress cost that Miss Swansdown had on last night?" Dashaway—"Yes, one hundred and twenty-five dollars." Cleverton—"How did you come to know?" Dashaway (sorrowfully)—"Her father took pains to tell me the other day."—Cloak Review.

—Out of Sight.—Maria (pointing to a very tall and expensive piano lamp)—"Josiah, ain't that jest too lovely?" Josiah—"Yes, 'tis; what be that?" Maria—"That? Why, that be a pianny lamp." Josiah—"A pianny lamp! Say, Maria don't you think that's most too high to put on top a pianny?"

—Laura (in January)—"Just see the lovely gift from my dear papa—a delicious spider in silver, with garnet eyes." The same (in June)—"Yes, I'm sick. Such a shock as I had at the picnic yesterday! A great, horrid beast of a spider fell right into my plate! No wonder I fainted dead away."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

—Ambiguous.—Miss Passee—"I hardly know it is, but I must follow the fads. Now, everyone is wearing birthday rings and—" Sillyboy—"And are you wearing them, too?" Miss Passee—"Yes, I have bought one for each gear." Sillyboy—"You could almost open a jewelry store, couldn't you."—Jewelers' Circular.

—Scribbler—"Oh, here's my article! Tell me what you think of it." Franklin—"Well, to tell the truth, it seems to be rank plagiarism." Scribbler—"Not at all. I found it in an old paper, and it embraced my ideas exactly. So I put my name to it, and sent it to the magazine. The fact that another fellow wrote it out in the first place amounts to nothing."—Boston Transcript.

—Awkward Enough.—Brobson—"You look all broken up, old man. What's the matter?" Craik—"I called on Miss Prnyn last night, and no sooner had I entered the parlor than her mother appeared and demanded to know my intentions." Brobson—"That must have been rather embarrassing?" Craik—"Yes, but that was not the worst. Just as the old lady finished speaking Miss Prnyn shouted down the stairs: 'Mamma, mamma, he isn't the one!'"—N. Y. Sun.

WHY IT COSTS TO MOVE.

One Has to Pay for the Patriotic Pictures on the Vans.

I discovered the other day one of the probable reasons why there was less moving on about May 1. Everybody knows that double rates are charged at that time by the owners of vans. I accompanied a friend to the office of a man in the business to bargain for a van to move his office furniture. The furniture would make one small load for one of the large vehicles, and the distance to be traversed was three blocks.

"I'll do it for eight dollars," said the van man.

"Eight dollars!" echoed my astounded friend. "Why, there are only a few desks and tables, a stove, some books, no looking-glass and nothing liable to break."

"Can't help that. We have to charge at this time of the year. Just look at that van (pointing to a huge wagon in front of the door). I've just had it decorated and that oil painting put on, and I will have to recoup myself somehow."

There it was. The painting on the sides of the van costs the mover the money. This van had a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware on one side and Abraham Lincoln blessing a lot of pickaninnies on the other. People who want to move have to pay for those pictures.

It costs to have your bedclothes and carpets transported under guard of Lincoln, Grant or Sherman.—N. Y. Herald.

Polka-Dots.

The great demand for the so-called "polka-dot" reminds an Anglomaniac that the idea belonged to Britain, and that the Pritchard racing colors—bird's-eye blue—were the first of the sort seen, and probably the start of the popularity of the combination of white spots on a blue ground. Every "sport" in 1821 wore nankeen trousers, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a "bird's-eye tie." The "polka-dot" has always been a sporting symbol, and the rage for it caused by the public's love for the original Pritchard's horse—a great favorite—has descended to this day.—N. Y. World.

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THE OCTOROON

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

that I had felt for her—forgive me, Miss Cora, I loved you as if you had been my own child."

"Dear Toby."

"But she—oh, how she loved you. With more than a mother's love; with the love of the slave, who knows that even her child is not her own, but is a slave like herself—and who dares not slumber beside the cradle of her infant, for they take away the children while the mother sleeps, and she awakes, perhaps, to find the cradle empty."

"Oh, cruel, cruel!"

"But this was not the fate with which you were threatened. Mr. Leslie had married a vain and capricious woman. They had no children, and his life was not a happy one. His love for you was intense—all the more intense, as he was compelled to conceal from all an affection which would have been considered a weakness. Your father's love for you had reassured Francilia, when one day you were then four years old, he announced his determination of taking you to England, Francilia did not utter a word; the silent tears filled her mournful eyes. But when they tore you from her arms, she burst into a tempest of sobs, and fell insensible to the ground."

"Yes, yes, I remember."

"But all that is nothing!" cried the slave, his eyes flashing with vengeful fury; "nothing to—. Yet, no, no! I have no more to tell."

"But I insist on knowing all," exclaimed Cora, vehemently. "What became of my unhappy mother? How did she die?"

"On his return from Europe, Mr. Leslie found her tranquil, and apparently resigned; but the glance of those mournful black eyes became an eternal reproach, which irritated and tormented him. He sent her to work on the plantation; but for some reason or other, go where he would, he was always meeting her, always encountering the same melancholy look, which seemed to ask him for her child. At last he could endure it no longer. He sold her."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Cora.

"He sold her to a man of the name of Craig—a bad man—who, under the mask of a sanctimonious life, concealed the base heart of a profligate and a villain. He thought, on purchasing the slave, that he would succeed her late master in her good graces; but finding that he could obtain nothing by persuasion, he would have had recourse to violence, when Francilia seized a knife and buried its blade in her heart."

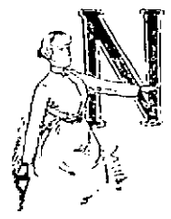
"Oh, my mother, my murdered mother!"

"A negro belonging to this Craig stole the knife, which he gave to me. I have it still."

Cora sank on her knees, the tears streaming from her eyes, her clasped hands uplifted to Heaven.

"Alas, beloved mother!" she cried, "martyr to the base and cruel laws of this accursed land, it is after fifteen years that your daughter learns your unhappy fate; after fifteen years that she weeps for your memory!"

CHAPTER IX.



NEITHER Cora nor Toby was aware that there had been a listener during the latter part of their conversation; but it was not the less a fact. Gerald Leslie had returned unobserved by either of the excited speakers, and, arrested by the passionate gestures of the mulatto slave, had lingered in the background, anxious to discover the cause of his agitation.

His anger was terrible when he found that the fatal secret which it had been the business of his life to conceal from Cora, was now revealed. But he still lingered, anxious to hear all.

"Toby," murmured Cora, rising from her knees; "tell me where did they bury my mother?"

"Her grave is half hidden in the thickest depths of a wood of magnolias upon the borders of Silas Craig's plantation. I carved a rustic cross and placed it at the head."

"You will conduct me to the spot, Toby?" asked Cora.

At this moment Gerald Leslie rushed forward, and, springing toward Toby, lifted his riding-whip as if about to strike the mulatto, when Cora flung herself between them.

"Strike me rather than him!" she exclaimed; then turning to the slave, she said quietly, "Go, Toby! I swear to you that while I live none shall harm so much as a hair of your head."

The mulatto lingered for a moment, looking imploringly at Gerald Leslie.

"Forgive me, master, if I have spoken," he murmured pleadingly.

"I will not have you excuse yourself," said Cora. "You have only done your duty. Go!"

Toby bent his head and slowly retired. Cora stood motionless, her arms folded, her eyes fixed upon Gerald Leslie.

"Well," she said, "why do you not strike me? Who am I that your hand has not already chastised my insolence? Your daughter? No! The child of Francilia, a quadroon, a slave! Prove to me, sir, that I am before my master; for if I am indeed your daughter, I demand of an account of your conduct to my mother."

"You accuse me! You, Cora!" exclaimed Gerald Leslie.

"I am ungrateful, am I not? Yes, another father would have allowed this child to grow up to slavery; while you, ashamed of your paternal love, as if it had been a crime, you tore me from my mother's arms, in order that I might forget her; in order to withdraw me from the curse which rested upon me; to efface, if possible, the last trace of this fatal stain!"

"What could I have done more than this, Cora?"

"You could have refrained from giving me life! You sent me to England; you caused me to be educated like a princess. Do you know what they taught me in that free country? They taught me that the honor of every man, the love of every mother, are alike sacred."

"It is, then, with my affection that you would reproach me!" replied Gerald Leslie mournfully. "I would have saved you, and you accuse me, as if that wish had been a crime! I snatched you from the abyss that yawned before your infant feet, and in return you curse me! Oh, remember, Cora, remember the cares which I lavished upon you! Remember my patient submission to your childish caprices; the happiness I felt in all your baby joys; my pride when your little arms were twined about my neck, and your rosy lips responded to my kisses!"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Cora; "do not remind me of these things. I would not remember them, for every embrace I bestowed upon you was a theft from my unhappy mother."

"Your mother! Hold, girl! do not speak to me of her! for though I feel that she was innocent of the hazard of her birth, I could almost hate her for having transmitted to you one drop of the accursed blood which flowed in her veins."

"Your hatred was satisfied," replied Cora bitterly. "You sold her. The purchase-money which you received for her perhaps served to pay for the costly dresses which you bestowed upon me! The diamonds which have glittered upon my neck and arms were perhaps bought with the price of my mother's blood!"

"Have a care, Cora! Beware how you goad me to desperation. I have tried to forget—nay, I have forgotten that that blood was your own! Do not force me to remember!"

"And what if I do remind you! what would you do with me?" asked Cora. "Would you send me to your plantation to labor beneath the burning sun, and die before my time, worn out with superhuman toil? No! sell me rather. You may thus repair your ruined fortunes. Are you aware that one of your creditors, Augustus Horton, offered, not an hour ago, the fifty thousand dollars that you owe him at the price of your daughter's honor?"

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Gerald Leslie; "all this is too terrible!" and flinging himself upon his knees at Cora's feet, he clasped her hands passionately in his own. "Cora, Cora, have pity upon me! What would you ask of me? What would you have me to do? My crime is the crime of all. Is the punishment to fall upon me alone? Am I alone to suffer? I, who have sacrificed my honor—yes, Cora, my honor as a colonist—to the claim of paternal love? Do you know that every citizen in New Orleans would blame and ridicule me for my devotion to you? Do you know that I am even amenable to the laws of Louisiana for having dared to educate your mind and enlighten your understanding? See, I am on my knees at your feet. I, your father, humiliate myself to the very dust! Do not accuse me; in mercy, do not accuse me!"

Cora's beautiful face was pale as ashes, her large dark eyes distended, but tearless.

"Upon my knees, beside my mother's grave" she said, solemnly, "I will ask her spirit if I can forgive you."

She released herself from her father's grasp, and hurried into the house before he could arrest her. The planter rose from the ground and looked mournfully after his daughter, but he did not attempt to follow her.

Later in the evening Gerald Leslie returned to New Orleans, and spent the long hours of the night alone in his solitary office face to face with ruin and despair.

The one crime of his youth had risen to torture his remorseful soul—ghastly and horrible shadows it pursued the sinner in every place; it appeared at every moment. Repentance only could lay the phantom at rest, and he was now only learning to repent.

He had never before looked upon his conduct to the beautiful quadroon, Francilia, in the light of a crime. What had he done which was not done every day by others? What was she, lovely and innocent being as she was, but a slave—his property—bought with his sordid gold—his to destroy as he pleased?

Her melancholy death he looked upon as an unhappy accident, for which he himself was in no way responsible. That crime rested upon Silas Craig's overburdened soul.

Gerald Leslie utterly forgot that had he not been heartless enough to sell the mother of his only child, this cruel fate would never have been hers.

But now the consequences of his crime had overtaken him in a manner he had never dreamed of; Cora, his beloved, his idolized child, accused and cursed him as the murderer of her mother.

It was too horrible.

He dared not remain at the summer pavilion. He dared not meet the reproachful glances of those eyes which appeared to him as the ghostly orbs of the late Francilia. No, alone in his office, surrounded only by the evidences of commerce, and the intricate calculations of trade, he endeavored to forget that he had a daughter, and a daughter who no longer loved him.

* * * * * *

And where all this time was Cora? With the Venetian shutters of her apartment closed; with the light of day excluded from her luxurious apartment, she lay with her head buried in the satin cushions of her couch, weeping for the mother whose mournful face she could scarcely recall—weeping for the father whose youthful sins she so lately learned.

Bitter, bitter were the thoughts of the young girl, whose life had heretofore been one long summer sunshine.

She, the courted, the caressed, the admired beauty of a London season—she was a slave—an Octoroon—a few drops only of the African race were enough to taint her nature and change the whole current of her life.

Her father loved her, but he dared only love her in secret. The proud colonists would have laughed aloud at the planter's affection for his half-caste daughter. And he, too, Gilbert Margrave, the poet painter; he, whose every glance and every word had breathed of admiration, almost touching upon the borders of love; he would doubtless ere long know all; and he, too, oh, bitter misery, would despise and loathe her!

CHAPTER X.

CAMILLIA and Paul Lisimon were no longer children. The young heiress had attained her nineteenth year, while Don Juan's protege was, as our readers are aware, two years her senior.

Paul still lived at the Villa Marequitos. He occupied a small but neatly furnished apartment upon the upper floor. Here were arranged the books he loved; here he often sat absorbed in study till the early morning hours sounded from the clocks of New Orleans, and the pale stars faded in the purple river.

Deep in the quiet night, when all the household were sleeping; when the faintest footfall awoke a ghostly echo in the awful stillness of the house, the young student, forgetful of the swiftly-passing hours, toiled on, a steady traveler on the stony road which leads to greatness.

It was to Silas Craig, the attorney, that Don Juan Marequitos had articled his protege, much to the dislike of the young man, who had a peculiar aversion to the usurer.

"Let me be with any other lawyer in New Orleans rather than that man, he said; "I can never tell you how deep a contempt I have for his character."

Don Juan laughed aloud.

"His character! my dear Paul," he replied, "what in mercy's name have you to do with the man's character? Silas Craig is a hypocrite! a profligate, who covers his worst vices with the all-sheltering cloak of religion. Granted! He is not the less one of the cleverest lawyers in New Orleans, and the fittest person to be intrusted with the cultivation of your splendid intellect."

These conversations were perpetually recurring between Don Juan and his protege prior to the signing of the articles which were to bind Paul Lisimon to the detested attorney; and the young man, finding that all his remonstrances were in vain, and fearing that if he objected too strongly to being articled to Silas Craig the business would terminate in his being compelled to lead a life of hopeless idleness, made no further difficulty about the matter; and some weeks after the signing of the articles, he took his seat in the office of Mr. Craig.

It was not long before Paul Lisimon discovered that there was a decided disinclination on the part of the attorney to initiate him even in the merest rudiments of his profession. He might have sat in the office reading the paper and lolling in a rocking chair all day if he had pleased, but whenever he sought for employment he was put off with some excuse or other, more or less plausible.

An idle young man would have been delighted with this easy life—not so Paul Lisimon. Kind and liberal as Don Juan Marequitos had been to him, the proud spirit of the young man revolted against a life of dependence. He yearned not only to achieve a future career, but to repay the obligations of the past—to erase the stain of dependence from his youth; to pay for the education which had been given him by favor. Thus, where another would have rejoiced in the idleness of Silas Craig's office; where another would have abandoned himself to the dissipated pleasures that abound in such a city as New Orleans; where another would have snatched the tempting chalice which youthful passion offered to his lips, Paul Lisimon, in very defiance of his employer, slowly but surely advanced in the knowledge of the profession whose ranks he was predestined to join.

Strange to say, Don Juan, instead of praising and encouraging the industry of his protege, laughed and ridiculed him for his determined labors.

"You are the most extraordinary young man I ever met with, Paul," said the Spaniard. "Where others of your age will be haunting the gaming-houses, which, in spite of our laws for their suppression, secretly exist in New Orleans—where others would be nightly visitants of the theater and the cafe, you are forever brooding over those stupid books."

"Other men are perhaps born to fortune," answered Paul, with quiet dignity; "remember, dear sir, I have to achieve it."

"Nay, Paul; how do you know what intentions a certain elderly Spanish gentleman may have with regard to a document called a will?"

"Heaven forbid, sir," replied Paul, "that I should ever seek to fathom those intentions; and if you allude to yourself, permit me to take this opportunity of declaring that I would not accept one dollar, even were your misguided generosity to seek to bequeath it to me."

"Santa Maria, Mr. Lisimon, and why not, pray?" asked Don Juan laughing at the young man's impetuosity.

"Because I would not rob her who has the sole claim upon your fortune."

"My little Camillia; she will be rich enough in all conscience. Ah, Paul," added the Spaniard, looking somewhat scarcingly at Lisimon, "it is a serious matter for a father to have such a daughter as Camilla Marequitos to dispose of; a beauty and an heiress! Where in all New Orleans shall I find the man rich enough or noble to be her husband?"

Paul Lisimon winced as if he had received a thrust from a dagger.

"You will consult your daughter's heart, sir, I trust," he murmured hesitatingly, "even before the claims of wealth?"

The old Spaniard's brow darkened, and his somber black eyes fixed themselves upon Paul's face with a sinister and penetrating gaze that boded little good to the young man. No more was said upon the subject between the two men. Paul did not relax his industry by one iota after this conversation. The enervating pleasures of the rich could not win him from the stern routine of toil and study.

Perhaps the reader has already guessed the fatal truth.

Paul Lisimon, the unknown dependent upon a rich man's bounty, the penniless lad who knew not even the names of his parents, or of the country which had given him birth—Paul loved the peerless daughter of the wealthy Don Juan Marequitos; and was it to be wondered that he loved her?

From her childhood he had seen her daily, and had seen her every day more beautiful—more accomplished.

She possessed, it is true, much of the pride of her father's haughty race; but that pride was tempered by the sweetness of Olympia Crivelli; and it was a high and generous sentiment that led the young girl to have a meanness or a falsehood with even a deeper loathing than she would have felt for a crime.

But to Paul Lisimon Camillia was never proud. To him she was all gentleness; all confiding affection. The very knowledge of his dependence, which had been dinned into her ears by Don Juan, rendered her only the more anxious to evince a sister-like devotion which should take the sting from his position.

Instinctively she knew, that spite of all outward seeming that position was galling to the proud boy. Instinctively she felt that nature in creating Paul Lisimon had never intended him to fill a subordinate position. He was one of those who are born for greatness, and who, constrained by the cruel trammels of circumstances, and unable to attain their proper level, perish in the flower of youth, withered by the blighting hand of despair.

So died the poet Chatterton, a victim to the suicide's rash madness. So dies many a neglected genius, whose name is never heard by posterity.

Paul loved the heiress; loved her from the first hour in which she had soothed his boyish anguish at the loss of his patron Don Tomaso, loved her in the tranquil years of their youthful studies; loved her with the deep devotion of manhood, when his matured passion burst forth in its full force, and the flickering light became an unquenchable and steady flame.

He did not love in vain.

No, as years passed on, and the bud changed to the lovely blossom, Camillia's feelings changed toward her father's protege. No longer could she greet him with a sister's calm smile of welcome. The ardent gaze of his dark eyes brought the crimson blush to her cheek and brow; her slender hand trembled when it rested in his—trembled responsive to the thrill which shook the young man's strong frame; her voice faltered as she addressed him, and her Southern eyes veiled themselves beneath their sheltering lashes, and dared not uplift themselves to his.

She loved him!

Happy and cloudless sunshine of youth. They loved, and earth became transformed into a paradise—the sky a roof of sapphire glory; the sunny river a flood of melted diamonds. The magic wand of the young blind god, Cupid, changed all things round them into splendor.

They dreamed not of the future. They thought not of the stern policy of a father, implacable in the pride of wealth. No, the distant storm-cloud was hidden from their radiant eyes.

"My Camillia!" exclaimed the young man; "think you I can fail to achieve greatness when your love is to be the crown of the struggle? Think you I can falter on the road that leads to success, when your eyes will be the loadstars to guide my way?"

The reader will see, therefore, that love and ambition went hand in hand in the soul of Paul Lisimon, and that higher motives than the mere lust of gain, or even the hope of glory, beckoned him on to victory.

It is not to be expected that Camillia Marequitos was without suitors amongst the higher classes of New Orleans.

Had she been blind, lame, hump-backed, red-haired, a vixen, or a fury, there would yet, doubtless, have been hundreds ready to kneel before the charms of her father's wealth, and to declare the heiress an angel. But when it is remembered that her future fortune was only exceeded by her glorious beauty, it will be thought little marvel that she had a host of admirers ever ready to flock around her at her father's soirees, to attend her in her drives, to haunt her box at the opera or the theater, and to talk of her beauty in all the coffee-houses of New Orleans. Our readers must remember that there is much in this chief city of Louisiana which resembles rather a French than an English town. The inhabitants are many of them of French extraction. The coffee-houses—or cafes as they are called—resemble those of Paris; the gambling-houses and theaters are Parisian in arrangements, and the young men of the upper classes have much of the polish of our Gallic neighbors, mingled with not a little of their frivolity.

Amongst the many suitors for the hand of Camillia Marequitos was no less a person than Augustus Horton.

But the young planter did not love the Spanish beauty; there was something terribly repellent in the haughty spirit of Camillia to those whom she did not love, and Augustus Horton's pride was wounded by the thought that his attentions could possibly be disagreeable to any woman whom he condescended to honor by a preference. It was not love, therefore, which made him so constant in attendance on the young beauty. No; mercenary motives, mingled with the obstinacy of wounded pride. He would not confess, even to himself, that there was any fear of his failing to obtain the prize. He despised the young fops who whispered soft speeches and high-flown compliments into the unheeding ear of the disdainful girl, and, thinking these his only rivals, dreamt not of defeat.

In all the planter's visits to the Villa Marequitos he had never yet met Paul Lisimon.

The young Mexican scrupulously held himself aloof from the rich and frivolous guests who assembled in Don Juan's splendid mansion.

In vain did the Spaniard bid his protego to join in the festivities of the villa. In vain did Camillia reproach her lover with coldness and neglect. Paul was inexorable.

"No, Camillia," he said, when the young girl remonstrated with him, "I should hear your father's guests ask each other in the superb disdain of their creole insolence, 'Who is this Mr. Lisimon?' I wait the time, Camillia, when my own exertions shall have made this simple and now unknown name of Lisimon familiar to every citizen of New Orleans."

While the soft echoes of piano and guitar floated through the luxurious saloons; while the rich contralto voice of Camillia, mingling with the chords of her guitar, enchanted her obsequious listeners, Paul toiled in his lonely chamber, only looking up now and then from his books and papers, to listen for a few brief moments to the sounds of revelry and laughter below.

"Laugh on!" he exclaimed, as a sarcastic smile curved his finely-molded lips; "laugh on, frivolous and ignorant ones—whisper unmeaning compliments, and murmur inanities to my peerless Camillia! I do not fear you; for it is not thus she will be won."

Augustus Horton was a rich man; he belonged to one of the best families in New Orleans, and the old Spaniard knew of no one better suited as a husband for his beloved daughter.

Don Juan therefore encouraged the young planter's addresses, though at the same time thoroughly resolved to throw him off, should any richer or more aristocratic suitor present himself.

Camillia knew nothing of her father's intentions. All her admirers were alike indifferent to her, for her heart was irrevocably given, and her faith irrevocably pledged to Paul Lisimon.

While these changes had been slowly working amongst the heads of the household, the hand of Time had not been idle in the humbler chambers of the Villa Marequitos.

White hairs were mingled in the black locks of the mulatto woman Pepita; the negress Zara was bent with age, and Tristan, the negro lad, had become a man—a man with powerful passions and a subtle and cunning nature, hidden beneath the mask of pretended ignorance and simplicity.

He could sing grotesque songs and dance half-savage dances, as in the early days of his young mistress's youth, when he was Camillia's only playmate. He knew a hundred tricks of jugglery, sleight-of-hand by which he could amuse an idle hour, and even now, he was often admitted to display his accomplishments before the Spanish girl, her devoted attendant, Pepita, and her old governess, Mademoiselle Pauline Corsi, who still remained with her, no longer as an instructoress, but in the character of companion and friend.

We have as yet refrained from speaking of the Frenchwoman; but as she may by and by play by no means an insignificant part in the great life drama we are relating, it is time that the reader should know more of her.

Pauline Corsi was but seventeen years old when she first came to Villa Marequitos as the preceptress of Camillia, then a child of six. She was therefore thirty years of age at the time of which we write.

But although arrived at this comparatively mature period of life, she still retained much of the girlish beauty of extreme youth.

Unlike most of her countrywomen, she was very fair, with large, limpid blue eyes and a wealth of showery flaxen curls. Small and slender, with delicate little feet and hands, there was much in her appearance to indicate patrician extraction. Yet she never alluded to her country or her friends.

She told Don Juan that she was an orphan, homeless, penniless and friendless, glad to leave the shores of her sunny France for the chances of finding better fortune in the New World.

"And I have found better fortune," she would say, lifting her expressive eyes to the dark face of her haughty employer; "for where could I have hoped to meet a nobler patron, or to find dearer friends or a happier home than I have here. Ah, bless you, noble Spaniard, for your goodness to the helpless stranger."

It was in the summer that Pauline Corsi first came to Villa Marequitos, and it was in the winter of the same year that Don Tomaso Crivelli expired in the arms of his brother-in-law.

We must request the reader to bear this in mind, for on the truth of certain dates hangs much of the tale of mystery and crime which we are about to reveal.

The gossips of New Orleans were ready to insinuate that the Spaniard's heart would surely be in a little danger from the presence of so young and lovely a woman as the French governess, but they soon grew tired of whispering this, for it was speedily perceived by all who knew Don Juan Marequitos that his heart was buried in the mausoleum of his fair young wife, Olympia, and that all the love of which his proud nature was capable was lavished on his only child.

Some girls in the position of Pauline Corsi might have nourished ambitious hopes, and might have angled for the heart and hand of the wealthy Spaniard; but it was impossible to suspect the light-hearted and frivolous young Frenchwoman of the mean vices of the schemer. She was a thing of sunshine and gladness gay and heedless as the birds she tended in her chamber, careless of the morrow as the flower that perfumed her balcony. So thought all who knew Pauline Corsi.

Did any of them know her rightly?

The hideous skeleton, Time, whose bony hand lifts, inch by inch and day by day, the dark and pall-like curtain that hangs before the vast stage of the future, can alone answer this question.

Camillia Marequitos was much attached to her old governess. All her varied accomplishments she owed to Mademoiselle Corsi; and, far too generous and high-minded to consider the handsome salary paid to the Frenchwoman a sufficient recompense for her services, she looked upon Pauline's devotion to her as an obligation which could be only repaid by gratitude and affection.

The young heiress had often endeavored to bestow some handsome present upon her instructress (a valuable article of jewelry—a ring, a chain, a bracelet), but always to be firmly, though kindly, repulsed.

"No, Camillia," Mademoiselle Corsi would reply. "I will take no gift from you but affection—that is a priceless treasure. Bestow that upon me, and you would amply reward me for a lifetime of devotion; the few brief years I have given to your instruction have been more than repaid by my pupil's love."

Haughty and reserved as Camillia was to mere acquaintances, she was almost foolishly confiding to those whom she loved.

She had never kept a secret from Pauline Corsi until within this last year, and even then she would have told all to her trusted companion, had she not been forbidden to do so by one whom she loved even better than the Frenchwoman.

This secret was the engagement between herself and Paul Lisimon.

"You will not breathe one word to a mortal of the vows which bind us until death, will you, my Camillia?" said the young man, as, intoxicated with happiness, he pressed his betrothed to his wildly throbbing heart.

"To no one, dearest," answered Camillia, "until your position will warrant you in asking my father's consent to our union. That is to say," she added, hesitatingly, "to no one but Pauline. I shall be so anxious to talk of you, and I know I can trust her."

"Not one word to her, Camillia," as you love me," exclaimed Paul, with energy.

"What? you mistrust my faithful Pauline?"

"I mistrust no one," answered Lisimon; "yet, paradoxical as it may seem, I trust scarcely any one. To give your secrets into the keeping of another, is to give your life—nay, the better part of life; for those secrets appertain to the inmost sentiment of your heart. No, Camillia, tell nothing until that day comes, when, proud and triumphant, I can claim you before your father and the world."

"But you believe Pauline to be all that is good?" urged Camillia, her affectionate nature wounded by the warning of Paul.

"Yes, since you tell me so, dearest; but, young as I am in the winding ways of the world, I am older than you, and the experience of Silas Craig's office has taught me many iniquitous secrets."

Augustus Horton had, as our readers are aware, many business transactions with the attorney and usurer, Craig. Despising the man most completely, it yet suited the young planter's purpose to employ him, for Silas was a master in the evil arts of chicanery; a useful lawyer for all business, but above all useful in such affairs as were of too dark and secret a nature to bear exposure to the light of day.

He was the attorney employed by Augustus Horton, by Don Juan Marequitos, and by most of the wealthiest men in the city of New Orleans; men who affected ignorance of his character, because his style of doing business suited their purpose.

It was at Silas Craig's office that Augustus Horton first saw Paul Lisimon.

The two men encountered each other in an office opening out of the private room occupied by the attorney.

Paul was seated at his desk, copying a deed; he looked up only for a moment as the planter entered the apartment, and immediately returned to his work. He knew that the visitor was his rival, Augustus Horton, but, secure in the love of Camillia, he was utterly indifferent to his presence. Not so the planter. He looked long and earnestly at the handsome and Spanish face of the young Mexican.

Simply as Paul was dressed, in the loose linen coat and trousers suitable to the climate, with an open shirt collar of the finest cambric, under which was knotted a black silk handkerchief, there was something so distinguished in his appearance that Augustus Horton could not help wondering who this elegant stranger was who had found his way into Silas Craig's office. So great was his curiosity, that when his business with the lawyer was ended, he lingered to ask a few questions about the strange clerk.

"In goodness' name, Craig," he said, as he lit a cigar from a box of allumettes upon the attorney's desk, "who is that young aristocrat whom you have secured as a pigeon for plucking, under pretense of teaching him the law?"

"A young aristocrat!"

"Yes, a young man I saw in the next office. A Spaniard, I should imagine, from his appearance. Very dark, with black eyes and curling black hair."

Silas Craig laughed aloud.

"An aristocrat!" he exclaimed, "why,

The New North—

Prints More Rhinelander News.
Prints More Oneida Co. News.
and Prints the News FIRST.

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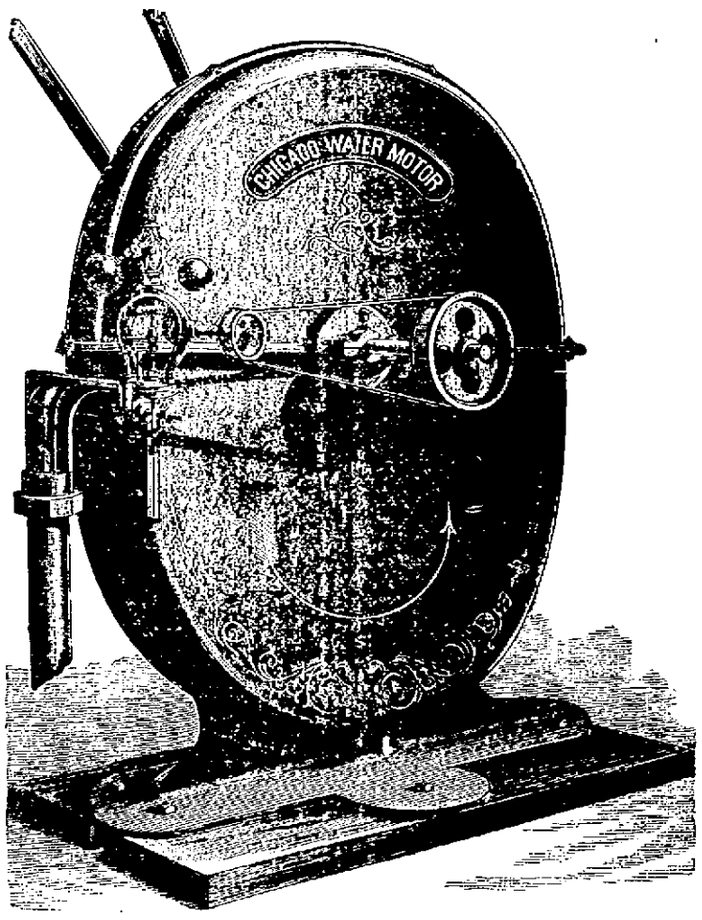
It is a clean family paper and the old-established reliable.



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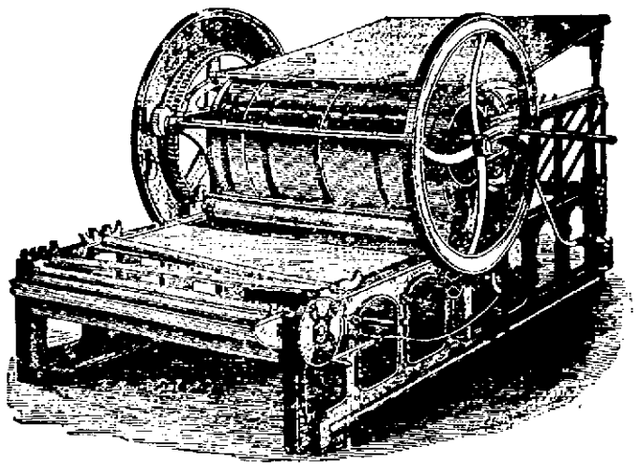

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Published Thursday of each week by

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If not paid in advance...........................2.00
Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.
Local notice 10 cents per line, first insertion. cents for each subsequent insertion.
Address all communications to
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Rhinelander, Wis.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Treasurer	G. H. Clark
County Clerk	E. P. Brennan
Sheriff	L. Merikle
District Attorney	A. W. Shelton
County Judge	J. W. McCormick
Register of Deeds	D. S. Johnson
Clerk of Court	Lige Sturdevant
Supt. of Schools	A. D. Prideaux
Surveyor	T. Lennon
Coroner	

CHURCHES & SOCIETIES.

Congregational Church.

SERVICES every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., Son Service at 7:30 P. M. and regular service at 8:30 Sabbath school immediately after morning service.

Catholic Church.

SERVICES every Sunday; Mass services at 10:30 A. M.; Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.; Vespers every alternate Sunday at 3 P. M. REV. FATHER JULY, Pastor.

Methodist Church.

Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., Song Service at 7:30 P. M. and regular service 8:00 P. M. Sabbath school at 11:15 a. m., after morning service. REV. D. C. SAVAGE, Pastor.

German Lutheran Church.

VICES twice a month. Also Sunday school church on North. REV. J. DEJUNG, Pastor.

Baptist Church Calendar.

SUNDAY.

Public Service and Sermon	11:00 a. m.
Sunday School	12:00 m.
Song and Praise Service	6:15 p. m.
Public Service and Sermon	7:30 p. m.
TUESDAY,	
Young Peoples' Meeting	7:30 p. m.
THURSDAY.	
General prayer meetin	7:30 p. m.

All are invited. All are welcome.

G. A. R.

JOHN A. LOGAN POST, No. 232. Regular meeting 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month at hall in Brown's block.
RICHARD REED, Com. L. J. BILLINGS, Adjt.

I. O. O. F.

ONEIDA LODGE, No. 18. Regular meeting at hall every Monday evening.
J. Frenzlow, Sec. O F Wissler, N G

D. OF R.

LAURESTINA LODGE, No. 28, meets every first and third Wednesday of each month in the Odd Fellows' hall on Stevens Street.
B. T. Plugh, Sec. Mrs. O. F. Wissler, N. G.

F. & A. M.

RHINELANDER LODGE, No. 242, meets first and third Tuesdays in every month in the postoffice block.
A. McPhail, Sec. H. C. Keith, W. M.

I. O. G. T.

Pelican Rapids Lodge, No. 241. Meets every Friday evening at hall over Palace Shoe Store. Visiting members are cordially invited.
Nellie Chafee, R. S. Chas. Woodcock, C. T.

K. OF P.

Flambeau Lodge No. 73. Holds regular meeting Friday nights in opera house block.
E. G. Squier, K. of R. S. E. B. Morley, C. C.
Uniformed Rank meets every Wednesday night.
B. Jenkinson, Rec. E. B. Morley, Capt.

S. OF V.

W. T. Miles' Camp, No. 95, Wisconsin Division S. of V., U. S. A. Meets at G. A. R. hall on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome.
C. C. Bronson, Capt.

C. K. OF W.

Catholic Knights of Wisconsin. Meeting last Sunday of each month at 4 p. m., at Good Templars' hall.
Rev. N. July, Rec. Sec. J. N. Kennany Treas.

PROFESSIONAL.

MILLER & McCORMICK,

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Collections *sharply* looked after.
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Attorney & Counselor

RHINELANDER, WIS.

T. B. McINDOE,

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RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.
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Bank of Rhinelander Builders.

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Office at Hospital,
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN

KEITH

Physician & Surgeon

Office in Brown's Block.
RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

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Conover, Porter & Padley,

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Sell exchange on all European countries. Tickets to and from Europe on all steam boat lines.

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Bank of Rhinelander.

Rhinelander, - *Wisconsin.*

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Best Protection for Funds.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

MILWAUKEE, LAKE SHORE & WESTERN.
NORTH BOUND

No. 3—Limited	3:30 A. M
No. 15—Accommodation	1:05 P. M.
No. 15—Accommodation arrives	3:00 P. M
SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 16—Accommodation	1:05 P. M
No. 14—Accommodation	11 A. M.
No. 4—Limited	11:31 P. M

W. E. ASHTON, AGENT.

Minne'lis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

The Short Line East to Gladstone, Sault Ste. Marie and all Canadian and New England points and WEST to Minneapolis, St. Paul and Western Minnesota and Dakota.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 8—Passenger..............10:25 p. m. through
No. 87—Passenger.............7:33 a. m. local between Pennington and Cameron Junction.
No. 21—Freight...............9:30 a. m

TRAINS EAST.

No. 86—Passenger.............7:27 p. m. local between Pennington and Cameron Junction
No. 1—Passenger..............3:12 a. m. through
No. 20—Freight...............7:37 p. m

Close connections made at Pembine with M. & W. R'y for all Lake Superior points, and at Trout Lake with D. S. S. & A. R'y for Mackinaw and all Lower Peninsula points.

Thursday, July 16, 1891.

Eggs warrented fresh at the post office. *

Lige Sturdevant was at Merrill Tuesday.

Sam Bronson, of Minocqua was in town Friday.

A. W. Shelton is in Merrill this week on legal business.

Mrs. Ball is visiting friends in Stevens Point this week.

Mrs. A. Brown returned from Milwaukee this week.

Buy Berries at the Post office, full quarts or no pay. *

Tom Ungers was in Minneapolis Monday on business.

Bargains in furniture never before seen here at J. Demars.

George E. Wood, of Chicago, has been in town this week.

Jerome Teal visited relatives in Waupaca county over Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Keith returns to her home in Canada tomorrow night.

Wolcott, the photographer, is always ready to take views anywhere in the city. *

Dave O'Donnell and Peter Laven have rented the Soo Exchange of Felix Dolan.

All grades and all styles of carpets sewed, cut and matched to fit any room at J. Demars. *

Mrs. Geo. Patchen will spend next Sunday at Antigo with her sister, Mrs. Tim O'Donnell.

M. J. O'Rielly, Geo. Mason, M. H. Raymond and John Wickson were at Ashland Sunday.

Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, everything in the line of gent's furnishing goods at Shafer's new store. *

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bronson are entertaining a lady friend, Miss Hubbutt, of Big Rapids.

P. P. Stoltzman, of Superior, was in town this week. He is engaged in the mercantile business there.

George Ulrich, of Milwaukee, is visiting his brother and many friends here for a couple of weeks.

Master Georgie Patchen is spending a portion of his vacation with his grandparents at New London.

W. D. Harrigan has a new advertisement for users of all building materials which it will pay them to peruse.

Miss Anna Brown, who has been instructing a class in pastel work in this city, returned to Waupaca to-day.

Harry Friday is at work for the Rhinelander Lumber & Shingle Co., since the closing of the kindling wood factory.

Mrs. Jerry Driscoll returned Tuesday from an extended visit with friends and relatives in New London and surrounding towns.

Ed. Slosson was at Stevens Point last week. Mrs. Slosson, who has been visiting there for a couple of weeks returned with him.

You can exchange old furniture for new at J. Demars. Old furniture bought and new furniture sold. Our prices are lower than ever.

We have the best stock of furnishing goods in town. Call and see for yourselves. One price to all.
M. W. SHAFER.

Bedroom suits at low prices and better ones at higher prices. We can suit both your tastes and your pocket-book. Call and see us.
J. Demars. *

Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, of Lancaster, Wis., who have been guests at the residence of D. B. Stevens for the past three weeks, returned to their home last Friday.

F. A. Hildebrand has the finest line of furniture ever shown in the city. Those who desire to purchase furniture of late style and at reasonable prices need not go to the city for it. *

A. D. Prideaux has accepted the position of principal of the Hurley school at a salary of $1000 per year. He will leave soon for a visit to his relatives in Green county before beginning work in his new field.

D. J. Cole went down to Grand Rapids Saturday. He was accompanied on the return trip by Mrs. Cole, who has been visiting there a few weeks, and his daughter who is home for the summer from her studies at Appleton.

Woodruff.

Mr. F. S. Garland of this place is doing business in Wausau for the present.

Mr. C. Harney spent a few days at his old home in Schofield the latter part of the week.

Mr. C. W. Card was in town on business last Tuesday.

Woodruff was well represented at Rhinelander the fourth and all report a splendid time.

Last Sunday eve. it was reported that a couple of our young folks were joined in the holy bond of matrimony at Rhinelander, July 4th., Boilers, cans, drums and saws were brought into play and they were given a warm reception. The boys pounded till they were tired, but the bridegroom never appeard. Finally it became known that they were not married, so it was cigars on both sides.

The agent and wife are enjoying a very pleasant visit from his brother and sister Mr. John and Miss Sarah McIlree of Milwaukee.

The boys crossed bats again last Sunday with the Minocqua boys which resulted in a score of thirty-one to thirteen in favor of Minocquas. The boys will try it once more, as they feel sure they can gain a victory.

Mr. G. C. Harney is erecting a fine two story house and expects in the near future to move his family to this Eden of the north.

Among the arrivals at Mr. Beebe summer resort were Judge Noble, of McGreger Iowa and R. Noble Day and Floyd Day of Wausau.

J. A. McIlree wife and sister made a flying trip to Rhinelander Friday.

Lumbering Notes.

The T. B. Scott Lumber company has filed an amendment to its charter, increasing its capital stock to $200,000.

The Somo Lumber company, which is to be the successor of Rodgers, LeBoeuf & Co., of Tomahawk, will be officered by Alex. Rodgers, president; D. E. LeBoeuf, vice-president; Hugh L. Rodgers, secretary and treasurer; Mr. Ben Sweet of this city being one of the directors.

A French writer has found a new use for saw dust. He recommends its use for making plaster in place of hair, commonly used. His composition consists of two parts saw dust, two parts lime, five of sand and one of cement.

State Treasurer Hunner comes to the defense of some of the lumbermen, Mr. Weyerhauser among the rest, accused in the sensational dispatches sent out from Eau Claire, of trespassing on state lands. He said in a recent interview: "It will not be necessary to bring suits against Mr. Weyerhauser. Attorney General O'Connor never authorized the statement that Mr. Weyerhauser has been engaged in depredations or stealing, and on one who knows Mr. Weyerhauser would suppose for a moment that he had so engaged. The situation is exactly this, as far as Mr. Weyerhauser is concerned. There are logs on the bank cut from state lands with Mr. Weyerhauser's mark on them, but it is not claimed that he knew that they were cut from state lands. The logs were cut by parties who sold them to Weyerhauser. The reason why it is not believed it will be necessary to bring suit against him, is that Mr. Weyerhauser will doubtless settle up without legal proceedings. He is a good, square man in all his transactions. There are other lumbermen who bought logs which they new were being cut from state lands. They will be sold and will pay all the timber was worth." This is a good deal different version than the story sent out from Madison a short time since with its wealth of innuendo.

The total loss on mill property by fire in Michigan and Wisconsin during the year 1890 was $481,000.

At Saginaw, a shingle packing contest took place recently, one person packing 1,000 in 9 minutes and 42 seconds and the other in 9 minutes and 43 seconds.

Wausau and Merrill mills are on the verge of stopping for want of logs. In fact Wausau is practically at a stand-still so far as lumber cutting is concernes. The Tomahawk mills are not running with two exceptions, and no where on the river is there a supply of logs except in Rhinelander. Rains have so far failed to come in sufficient quantities. The mills here are doing excellent work. At the present rate they will turn out about seventy five million this season.

McNaughtons mill is cutting a hundred thousand daily, running 22 hours.

The Yawkey & Lee Lumber Co., are laying the iron on their new logging railroad. They have four miles graded. Their mill is doing well, and running night and day.

The T. B. Scott Lumber Co., will be forced to stop sawing for want of logs soon.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received until July 25, 1891, by the Secretary of the school board, for the filling, grading, and seeding of the North Side School grounds in Rhinelander Wis.

SAM S. MILLER,
Secty.

Fresh Creamery Butter.

The Waupaca Creamery Company, of Waupaca, Wisconsin, will furnish fancy separate Creamery Butter on yearly contracts at twenty-five cents per. pound. Write them. 6w

"Among Honest Men."

Treasurer Clark received the following letter from one of his former "boarders," now in Waupun. The tone of this is rather positive proof that the lesson has been a good wholesome one for him and that his idea of properly getting time-checks cashed has been materially changed.

WAUPUN, WIS., JULY 5, 1891

DEAR FRIEND:—

I wrote to you about a month ago, but as you did not answer, I suppose you did not get it. I am getting my time down pretty fine, less than two months lets me out, and I am not sorry; I wouldn't take all the money in the state and put in another term. I think I will know enough to stay out after this. I was talking to Roberts yesterday. He says "the Rhinelander people didn't give him a square deal." That is a very common song here. It would surprise you to see the number of guiltless angels kept in confinement here for being too good. I feel out of place I never was among so many good people before and I hope never to be agam. Have you seen anything of Smith lately? I have been looking for him ever since Icame here mayb e he is profiting by my experience, he shows his good sense if he is as its cheaper than using his own. I have somewhat changed my ideas since I started working for the state. I used to think the world was mine to do what I liked with it. Now I believe that some of the rest of the population have a little to say about it. If you get this answer as I want to hear how everything and everybody is getting along up there anybody who has never been in states prison don't know how to appreciate a letter its worth its weight in gold. I don't know of anything more to say at present so I will close. Hoping to hear from you soon.

I remain yours resp't'y,
FRED CLARK,
WAUPUN, WIS.

Dissolution Notice.

The firm of Rogers & Johnson, doing business under the firm name of The Rogers & Johnson Manufacturing Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent of the parties interested. A. M. Rogers succeeds to the business and all bills due the old firm are to be paid to him.

ROGERS & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
A. M. ROGERS.

Rhinelander, Wis., July 1, 1891.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF

MERCHANTS STATE BANK,

of Rhinelander, Wis., on the morning of July, 6, 1891.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	$102,679.30
Overdrafts	1,123.52
Checks and other cash items	3,596.88
U. S. Currency	6 325.00
Specie	1,245.25
Pennies and Nickles	57.65
Due from banks	29,069.6
Bank fixtures	1,114.95
Expense Account	62.00
Totals	$145,401.41

LIABILITIES:

Capital	$ 70,000.00
Surplus	5,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,157.65
Due Depositors—Acc'ts Sub't to Check	37,276.99
Demand Certificates of Deposit	2,021.91
Time " "	17,237.60
Rediscounts	11,687.23
Totals	$145,401.41

STATE OF WISCONSIN, } ss
Oneida County. }

S. H. Alban, Vice President, and E. O. Brown, Cashier, being severally duly sworn, do say that the foregoing is in all respects a true and correct statement to the best of their knowledge and belief.
S. H. ALBAN, Vice-Pres.
E. O. BROWN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of July, 1891.
JOHN BARNES,
Notary Public.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., }
July 7, 1891, }

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wisconsin, on August 20, 1891, viz: Sarah J. Nixon, H. E. No. 6347, for the SW¼ SW¼ and E½ SW¼ and Lot 5, Sec. 25, Tp. 38, North R. 7, East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz.

Charles Reif, Richard Wesley, Peter Alberts and John Henry, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

6wJy9-Ag13.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis. }
July 2, 1891. }

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, wis., on August 15, 1891, viz:

John Schliesman, H. E. No. 6260 for the Lot 1, Sec. 23, Township 37, N of R 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Charles Williams, of Rhinelander,
William Boyce, " "
Donald McDonald, " "
John Laly, " "

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

GUARDIAN SALE.

IN PROBATE, WAUPACA COUNTY COURT, In the matter of the guardianship of minor heir of Peter Johnson deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of License made in said matter on the 25th day of June A. D. 1891, by the County Court of said County, the undersigned guardian of said minor heir will on Thursday, the 30 day of July A. D. at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at Paul Browne's Law office in the village of Rhinelander Oneida Co., Wisconsin offer at Public Vendue the following described lands, to-wit: Lot eleven (11) and the North west half of Lot ten (10) in Block Four (4) first addition to village of Rhinelander Oneida County Wisconsin. The terms of sale cash.

Dated at Waupaca this }
21 day of June A. D. 1891 } A. L. Rowe Guardian

July 2—23-4w.

W.D. HARRIGAN

—DEALER IN—

BRICK,
LIME,
HAIR,
SAND,
ADAMANT,
WALL PLASTER,
Fire Brick & Clay,

Cements of all kinds, Hard and Soft Coal, Wood, Etc.

Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Brown Bros. Block.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of sixty three Dollars ($63.00) principal and interest which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon a certain real estate mortgage dated on the 1st. day of December 1890, executed by Nezer Pecor and Christina Pecor his wife, mortgagors, to the undersigned Louis Wilhelm Mortgagee, and which said mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Oneida County Wisconsin, on said 1st. day of December 1890, at 11.30 a. m. in volume 1, of mortgages on page 253; and no action at law or otherwise having been commenced to recover the amount remaining secured by said mortgage, and the power of sale in said mortgage having become operative by reason of the aforesaid default:

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale, and pursuant to statute in such case provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed and the mortgaged premises therein described as follows viz: All that part of lot eight (8) in block (9) of S. H. Albans Addition to the Village of Rhinelander Oneida County Wisconsin, bounded as follows: commencing at the North West corner of said lot eight; thence running in a southerly direction on the west line of said lot sixty (60) feet; thence easterly on the south line of said lot fifty (50) feet, thence northerly on a line parralel with the west line of said lot sixty (60) feet thence westerly on the north line of said lot fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning; will be sold by the sheriff of said County of Oneida, at public auction, at the front door of the First National Bank in Rhinelander in said County, on the 1st day of August 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the purpose of paying the the amount due on said mortgage together with the solicitor's fee therein provided and costs of sale.

Dated July 13, 1891.

LOUIS WILHELM,
Mortgagee.

MILLER & McCORMICK,
Attorneys for Mortgagee.

6w—June 18—July 23.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT WAUSAU, WIS., JUNE 2, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on July 18, 1891, viz: Theodore Dion, H. E. No. 6996, for the SE¼ NE¼, N½ SE¼ and SW¼ SE¼, Sec. 11, Township 37 N. of Range 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

George N. Gray, Joseph Gassner, Robert Smith and John Labby, of Rhinelander.

6w—J'e4-Jy16 E. B. SANDERS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., }
June 9, 1891. }

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or clerk of the circuit court at Rhinelander, Wis., on July 24, 1891, viz: Donald McDonell, H. E. No 5937, for the N½ SE¼ and SE¼ SE¼ Sec. 13, and NE¼ NE¼ Sec. 24, T. 37 N. of R. 8 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Harry J. Lashway, Henry O. Martin, Michael Ryan, Frank C. Hastings, all of Rhinelander, Wis.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

6w—june11-July 23.

NOTICES FOR PUBLICATION,

Land Office at Wausau Wis., }
June 25, 1891. }

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claims, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander Wis., on August 12, 1891, viz:

George W. Welstead, H. E. No. 6161 for the N. W. ¼ N. W. ¼ Sec 6 Tp. 36 N of R 9 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Michael Cunningham, A. J. Wilcox, E. B. Crofoot, charles E. Woodard of Rhinelander,

Also Oloff Swan H. E. No. 6310 for the S W ¼ N E ¼ Sec 32 Tp. 37 N of R 9 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: John Johnson, James M. Olcott, John Loughlin, Charles Beraland of Rhinelander Wis.

Also Mathew Jenson, H. E. 6310 for the S w ¼ S w ¼ and Lot 2 Sec 1 Township 36 N of R 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: John Johnson, Chris Hanson, George A. Mack, Samuel Moore of Rhinelander

E. B. Sanders, Register.

6w—July 2-Aug. 6

NOTICES FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Wausau, Wis., }
June 21, 1891. }

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Rhinelander, Wis., on August 12, 1891, viz:

William H Kaiser, H. E. No. 6351, for the lots 3, 4 and 5, Section 26, Township 37 N of Range 8 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

David L. Anderson, Thos. M. Hines, Oscar L. Frazier, Peter F. Seibel, of Rhinelander, Wis. Also, David L. Anderson, H. E. No. 6355, for the Lots 2, 3 and 7, Section 25, Township 37 N of Range 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: William H. Kaiser, Thomas M. Hines, Oscar L. Frazier, Peter P. Seibel, of Rhinelander, Wis.

Also Peter P. Seibel, H. E. No. 7898, for the NE¼, Section 26, Township 37 N of Range 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: william H. Kaiser, Thomas M. Hines, Oscar L. Frazier, David L. Anderson, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

E. B. SANDERS, Register.

6w—july2-aug6

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,

Land office at Wausau, Wis., }
June 24, 1891, }

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or clerk of the circuit court at Rhinelander, Wis. on Aug. 15, 1891, viz: Anders G. Husselquist H E No. 6621 for the S E ¼ Sec. 20 T 37 N. of R 8 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz. Martin Erickson, John Lundberg, F. J. Husselquist and Peter Peterson all, of Rhinelander Wis.

E. B. SANDERS Register,

6w July 2 Aug. 6

STATE OF WISCONSIN—IN CIRCUIT COURT, ONEIDA COUNTY.

In the matter of the assignment of H. C. Johnson, insolvent.

Upon reading and filing the petition of the above named insolvent, H. C. Johnson, which was this day duly filed in the office of the Clerk of this Court, and which said petition was duly verified and has attached thereto the affidavit required by law, from which said petition it appears:

That said petitioner on the 23d day of May, 1891, made a voluntary assignment of his property under the provisions of chapter 80 of the Revised Statutes.

That said assignment with the bond of the assignee therein named was duly filed in the office of the clerk of this court on said 23d day of May, 1891.

That the name of the clerk in whose office said assignment is filed is E. C. Sturdevant, and his postoffice address is Rhinelander, Oneida county, Wisconsin.

That the name of the assignee named in said assignment is G. S. Coon, and his postoffice address is Rhinelander, Oneida county, Wis.

That the aforesaid petition was duly filed as aforesaid in the office of the aforesaid clerk of this court, at Rhinelander, aforesaid, on this 22d day of May, 1891.

And said petitioner having therein prayed that he may be discharged from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the statutes in such case provided.

Now, therefore, it is hereby ordered and required that all of the creditors of said insolvent debtor, H. C. Johnson, show cause, if any they have, at the next general term of this court, to be begun and held on the 19th day of October, 1891, at the court house in the village of Rhinelander, in said county of Oneida, on the fourth day of said term, to wit: on the 22d day of October, 1891, why the said insolvent debtor should not be discharged from his debts.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the "New North," a weekly newspaper published at Rhinelander, in said county, for six successive weeks prior to the day of hearing aforesaid, and that a copy of the aforesaid application and petition and of this order be, within five days from the date of this order, deposited in the postoffice at Rhinelander Wisconsin, postpaid, directed to each of the creditors of such insolvent debtor, whose address is known to such insolvent debtor.

Dated May 22, 1891. Signed,
J. K. PARISH, Circuit Judge.

6w—June11-July 23

JOHNSON & CO.

The Leading Clothiers

—Have the Finest Line of—

SPRING GOODS

Ever Shown in Rhinelander. Their stock of Clothing embracese verything from the Low Priced Hand-me-downs to the

FINEST READY MADE GOODS

—In the Market. All the latest novelties—

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Call and see them. Prices Right Always.

Rogers & Johnson Manufacturing Co.

—Manufacturers of—

Wagons and Sleighs.

General Blacksmithing

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

We Also Have an Expert Horseshoer.

Do You want Correct Time?

Get a Standard Watch

AND YOU HAVE IT.

D. JENKINSON

—Has on Hand a Fine—

New Line of Jewelery

AND WATCHES

A good Display and Everything Bran New. Our prices are also new to this section and we are confident of pleasing you. A call is solicited.

BROWN STREET RHINELANDER, WIS.

Globe Barber Shop and Bath Room!

CHAS. NAYLOR, Proprietor.

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, etc., done in first-class order, as none but the best of workmen are employed. A hot or cold water bath can be secured at a very reasonable price, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call and be convinced.

DAVENPORT STREET. - - - RHINELANDER, WIS

OPENING!

C. E. Brady's New Store!

Will be open for business in a few days. All are invited to call and get acquainted with us and our prices.

Briggs' Old Stand, North Side.

BROWN & ROBBINS,

Manufacturers and Wholesalers of

LUMBER.

Lath and Shingles,

RHINELANDER, - - WISCONSIN.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING CO.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

COMMENCEMENT ESSAYS.

I heard the essays. That one on
"The Magna Charta and King John,"
The head girl wrote. She with the wreath
Described Lear's warblings on the heath
Quite prettily. Another one
Explained "The Spots upon the Sun."
"The Influence of Browning," and
"The Early Writings of George Sand;"
"The Transcendental Movement: How
It Touches German Letters Now"—
All these I sadly listened to.

"What earthly good can these things do?"
I asked myself: "Does a duke or John
Teach how to sew a patch upon
A coat?—or can the spotted sun
Say when a roast is ready done?
Do Browning's tangled poems tell
The way to mend a stocking well?"

While I was pondering sadly there,
A sweet girl rose, and, I do declare,
She talked about the homely things
From washtubs down to wedding rings
She had read pages all on pie;
She knew the choicest way to fry
An oyster, and how best to bake
A good old-fashioned johnny cake.

Next day that girl was asked to share
The fortunes of a millionaire:
She now reads Browning's wonderous books,
And leaves the cooking to her cooks.

The girl who wrote on Browning's work
Is married to a gentle clerk
Whose income's small. No girl have they;
She scrubs and cooks the livelong day,
And sighs, while bending o'er the range,
When she reflects upon the change—
The fall from school sublimities
To tattered books of recipes.

—Jury.

MONEY COULD NOT BUY.

But Love Triumphed, and an Old Man Was Made Happy.

A watering place in Virginia there arrived one evening a puffy man of middle age, and his daughter, a rather attractive girl, although there was a self-conscious air about her—an air of suddenly-acquired wealth. Her father's objectionable air was not merely self-consciousness; it was a vulgar inclination to brag. His introduction into society at the hotel was not sought by society; it was a clear break on his own part. A number of gentlemen and ladies were seated near the end of a shaded veranda, discussing a book that had achieved an almost instant popularity, when the puffy newcomer brusquely shoved his way forward and in a loud voice blurted out his opinion:

"I ain't read the book," said he, "but I'll bet that it don't amount to much. There is more humbuggery in this here book business than in most any other I know of. Books'll do pretty well for women, but in my opinion a man is throwing away his time with 'em. I had a twin brother that took to books along back when he was a boy, and, although he was a bright feller—as bright as I was—he never amounted to much. I had to take up a mortgage on his place for him not more'n six months ago. That's about what I think of books." He leaned back against the railing of the "banisters" and surveyed the party with the satisfaction of a man who has carried his point and who is thoroughly prepared for any subsequent attack. The ladies, especially the better-natured ones, smiled; the men, with one exception, laughed. The exception was a young lawyer from Nashville. He looked with the inquiry of disapproval at the intruder, and then quietly remarked:

"I had thought of writing a book, a charming romance, but through fear that I might possibly compel you to take up another mortgage, I will forego the pleasure of self-enjoyable composition."

The interloper, no wise abashed, replied: "It's a good step you're takin', I reckon, as the writin' of the book might be more interestin' to you than the readin' of it would be to anybody else."

"Doubtless," retorted the young lawyer, "you are right. Some dull trade-plodder might attempt to spill it out and bruise his alleged mind on unlooked-for, sharp corners."

"Young feller, what is your name?" the intruder asked; and the young fellow, never afraid to make himself known, answered:

"I am George Miles, sir."

"Ah, hah! George Miles. Where do you live?"

"Nashville, sir."

"Ah, hah! I know that town putty well. I went along with the army some little durin' the war, and bought up the hides of the cattle that were killed for the soldiers, and made a pretty good thing out of it in the Nashville market. I used to know an old soap boiler there named Josh Miles. Any kin to him?"

The ladies tittered, and the old fellow looked at them in astonishment, not knowing that he had uttered a witticism.

"I never heard of your friend Miles," said the lawyer, "although he might have made a fair article of soap."

"Pity for you then, I reckon, as all men were cleaner for havin' knowed old Josh." The men laughed, the ladies tittered again, and the old fellow, conscious this time that he must have said something to the point, bowed his acknowledgment. Just then his daughter appeared, standing in a door. "Father," she called, "I am ready."

"I am ready, too," he answered, and withdrew with clumsy haste.

That evening, while Miles and several other men sat under a tree, smoking, the old fellow came out with an enormous cigar in his mouth and "squashed" himself down on a bench.

"Boys," said he, breaking into the conversation, "I'm gittin' so I rather like this here one-hoss place. I did think that it would be a little too much for me to stay out here, and I wa'n't keen to come nuther, but Minnie set her heart on it and away we come. My name is Beck."

No one said anything, and Mr. Beck continued: "I reckon I've done about as much hus'lin' in my time as the most of men. I was a pore boy, but instead of foolin' away my time with books I went to work and ain't sorry for it. I have noticed, in my knockin' round, that money is pretty nigh the boss. It may not be happiness in itself, but without it there ain't very much enjoyment. Larnin' may command the respect of the few, but money employs the services of the many, and to challenge the complete respect of men you must make 'em serve you."

"I don't know but you are right," said one of the men.

"Of course I'm right, and what is the use of people shuttin' their eyes against the fact, or rather pretendin' that they do? I know that there's a sort of respectability, or I mout say aristocracy, that money sometimes ain't got, but

"I WOULDN'T MARRY HER FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND!"

just wait awhile and money'll git it all right."

"What business are you in?" some one asked.

"Well, I ain't in any business now—have retired, you might say. I made my money in different sorts of speculation and have got it well invested, drawin' a fust-rate interest. I live in Georgia and am putty much at home when I'm there, I can tell you. My wife has been dead a good while, and about all I've got to look after is the enjoyment of my daughter. Her will is law with me and I am straightforward enough to say right here, or right anywhere, for that matter, that the man who wins her love will be fortunate. There's about two hundred thousand dollars waitin' for him."

George Miles looked up quickly and, with a sneer, said: "I wouldn't marry her for three hundred thousand."

The old man seized his cane, which he had leaned against the bench, and, springing to his feet, glared at Miles, who, without changing his position, sat placidly smoking.

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" Beck roared.

"Not in the least," Miles answered. "When I want to insult a man I hit him and then insult him afterward. You had, without interruption, expressed your opinion and I merely expressed mine. You introduced your daughter's name in a way not only unnecessary to the force of your former statement concerning the power of money, but with a narrow-minded vulgarity that was disgusting. If you want to strike me, do so. I have said nothing in belittlement of the young lady. I said that I wouldn't marry her for three hundred thousand, and I won't: not that she is not worthy of me morally, but because our tastes are, doubtless, wholly dissimilar. Now, if you want to hit me with that stick, all right."

"I won't hit you," Beck replied. "What you say may be right from your standp'int, but no matter what you thought about my daughter you ought to have kept it to yourself. It looks to me like I would have thought a long time before I would have made any such remark and I would have thought that any true gentleman would have done the same. I am a rough-and-ready sort of a man, and admit that I don't always do the proper thing, and if my room is worth more to you than my company, why, I wish you good evenin'."

"Oh, no," several of the men cried, but he brusquely hastened away.

"George, you ought not to have said that," a friend remarked. "You can't blame him for thinking so much of his daughter, nor for his determination to give her future husband two hundred thousand dollars."

"My dear fellow," Miles answered, "I don't blame him for thinking so much of her, and I commend his determination to reward her future husband, but I do despise his vulgar show. He is an old bear, and I want none of him."

"I wouldn't mind marrying the girl," said a young fellow named Hicks; "I could put with the girl's possible bad taste and with the old man's vulgarity. Yonder go the old man and the girl. He is looking this way, and I warrant he is telling her about you, George."

"I don't care if he is," Miles replied. "His ill will and her prejudice can't hurt me."

Several days later Miles, whose friends had left the place, was strolling along the mountain's side, when suddenly, upon turning a sharp point of rock that jutted out over the path, he met Miss Beck. The path was too narrow to admit of his passing the girl, and he was about to turn back, when she pleasantly remarked:

"Oh, don't turn back on my account. I will climb down. I am used to climbing."

"I will climb down," said he, bowing.

"Oh, no," she interposed. "I am afraid you might hurt yourself, and then—"

"And then what?" asked.

"Nothing, only you might be disfigured if you should chance to fall, and you might afterward consent to marry a girl for less than three hundred thousand dollars."

"Ah! your father repeated my remark," he said, slightly coloring.

"Yes, or I shouldn't have known of it, as I wasn't eavesdropping."

He would have gladly climbed down, but she detained him with this questioning remark:

"You place a pretty high estimate upon yourself, don't you?"

"Yes, rather," he answered, now determined to be bold.

"It is strange that I never heard of you," she said. "I was looking over a sort of encyclopedia of great men just before I came here, and it is singular that your picture was not in it."

"The compiler of the book called on me," he replied, "but I refused to become the victim of a cheap print. He wanted my picture, and had intended that it should fill one page and run over on the second, but I refused."

"And I suppose," said the girl, "that if he had contemplated putting in your self-importance, he would have counted on filling the entire book."

"I don't know, but had he done so, his volume would have been more respectable."

"Oh! it must be delightful to be so respectable," she exclaimed, with well-played enthusiasm. "By the way, who was your father?"

"His name is Andrew Miles."

"What does he do?"

"He is a lawyer."

"Ah! A strange country this, where the aristocracy is mainly composed of lawyers. What was your grandfather, or did you ever hear of him?"

Miles blushed. He had heard in a more or less vague way of one of his grandfathers—had heard that he was a cobbler and that he had deserted from the army during the war of 1812.

"Oh! don't tax your memory with trying to recall his name. I am so glad to have met you," she suddenly exclaimed. "I like to see gentleness and consideration joined with greatness. Now, sir, if you feel disposed to climb down you would oblige me by doing so."

Miles climbed down and the young lady serenely passed on.

The season was growing late, and there were but few visitors remaining. Miles continued to linger, partly because it made but little difference where he was, and partly because he didn't want that Miss Beck to think that she had driven him off. He met her every day, and spoke, in reply to her, his little piece of sarcasm. One day while the girl was playing on the piano he strode into the parlor. She ceased playing upon seeing him, and turning, said:

"I don't object to mild punishment, but I will not torture you with my music."

"You are becoming considerate as the days pass by."

"Yes, and I am tired of playing, anyway. Isn't it a great pity that father isn't worth four hundred thousand dollars?"

"Why so?"

"Because he might then be able to marry me off."

"Possibly. Some men are not very particular."

"And," said she, "I am convinced that the majority of women are not particular at all."

The old man appeared in the door. His face was haggard and a wild look was in his eyes.

"Minnie," he falteringly called, "Minnie, come here."

She ran to him and Miles heard him say: "I am ruined. That iron company is busted up and I am ruined."

A newspaper which came that evening gave an account of the sudden failure of a large iron concern at Birmingham; and old man Beck was mentioned as not only a heavy loser, but as totally bankrupted by the failure.

It was rather late at night. The Becks were arranging their departure. Miles was sitting in the parlor when Miss Beck entered. Seeing him, she

"PLEASE DON'T GIBE ME NOW!"

drew back and was about to withdraw, when he bade her stay a moment.

"You must excuse me," she said. "I do not care to hear any sarcasm tonight: I don't believe I could stand it. I am very wretched on my father's account. He has been victimized and is now a pauper."

"And are you not wretched on your own account?" he asked.

"Please don't gibe me now," she pleaded.

He arose, and advancing toward her, said: "One of my grandfathers was shot for desertion and I am no better than he, but I love you—love you—"

He caught her in his arms and she, weeping on his shoulder, sobbed: "This will make that poor old man happy again, for he knows that I love you."—Opie P. Read, in Arkansaw Traveler.

A WIFE'S SUPPORT.

What She May Claim by Law from Her Husband.

At common law and in the great majority of states, a wife, however wealthy she may be in her own right, may yet claim and receive from her husband necessaries suitable to his means, however poor he is. And there are very few states where a wife's property may be taken in payment for necessaries for herself or for the family, even if the husband is penniless and cannot pay. Unless, of course, the wife contracts for necessaries on her own credit instead of his, in which case she and her property may now be held nearly everywhere. But the support which she can claim is only such as accords with her husband's means, not her own. And he is the sole arbiter as to the place where the family shall live and the manner of life, so that it be reasonably healthful and comfortable. In a recent case a wife owned a fine house and estate where she wished to reside with her husband and family, but he required her to live elsewhere with him in a much humbler fashion, probably expecting her to lease her own place and apply the rent money to family expenses. It was held that she must go with him where he chose to establish the family domicile, and that if she refused so to do, it would be desertion on her part.—Lelia R. Sawtelle, LL.B., in Chautauquan.

—A Pertinent Question.—They took the Fitchburg from Boston to Troy. At the Falls the brakeman thrust his head in the door and seemed to interrogate: "Hoosick? Hoosick?" Alfred Rufus looked inquiringly around the car, and discovering no object in need of a physician's care, appealed to his father: "Papa, who is sick?"—Pharmaceutical Era.

DAZZLING DIAMONDS.

A Dealer's Interesting Talk on the Scintillating Beauties.

"Women exhibit a much more refined taste in the wearing of jewelry than they did a few years ago," remarked a well-known jeweler to a reporter this morning. "But the dear things cost just as much to ornament as ever, if not more. The unobtrusive diamond that twinkles from the center of a tiny pendant costs fully as much as the gorgeous lithographic gold medals with which women were wont to bedeck themselves a short time ago.

"Lithographic gold medals may not be a correct term for the old style of jewelry, scientifically speaking," he continued, "but it expresses my opinion of that sort of stuff. Why, our women looked like barbarians a few years ago, and they needed but a ring through their noses to be real howling Orientals. They were painfully loud, even as it was.

"How do we jewelers like the change? Bless you, we are delighted. We save thousands of dollars annually in storage alone. Our stock now can be kept within reasonable bounds. The jewelry worn to-day is more expensive than that of former years, as precious stones are being used more and more. Diamonds, for instance, are now within the reach of anybody who is comfortably fixed. Time can not dull the pure brilliancy of these stones, and, while all that have ever been on the market are still there, others are being added from time to time, as the diamond fields are more thoroughly worked. A small diamond of the purest water can be purchased for five dollars. Of course, the immense stones, such as are worth several thousands of dollars, are bought up from time to time by rich families, and thus for a time taken out of the market; but still many a diamond has passed through many a proud race and at last has found a resting place in a jeweler's casket. A diamond is like a man. Let them rise to whatever proud heights they may, and let the whole world gaze enraptured upon their dazzling brilliancy, it is to this end they must both return and begin a new life in a simple casket.

"Here is a jewel that illustrates my point exactly. Twenty-three years ago last February, as I was about to close up one terribly stormy night, a shabby young man entered my shop and offered to sell me a gold ring containing this stone surrounded by a ring of small sparklers. He asked one hundred and fifty dollars for the ring, saying it was all he had in the world. Ordinarily, I would have flatly refused to deal with such a person, fearing to buy stolen property, and, indeed, I put him off that night with a lame excuse, although I admitted the value of the stone, and asked him to call around the next day. He declared that he must dispose of it that night, and his anxiety made me more fearful, and at last I firmly refused to have anything further to do with him until the next day. On the morrow he came to me, saying that he had pawned the ring for a trifling sum, as he was forced to do so to get accommodations for the night, but desired me to go with him to the pawnbroker's shop and examine the stone more closely. I did so, and struck a bargain with him and paying him the difference between my price and the pawn debt, carried off the jewel. I was strictly a business man then, and asked no questions, although the fellow could probably have told an interesting story about the stone. Well, I reset the stone in a lady's ring and a month later it was carried off by an exultant lover, and it sparkled on the hand of a blushing bride in high life soon after. We jewelers keep track of a fine stone for years, for we realize the ups and downs of fortune. Well, to give you the facts of the case without the romance, ten years later I paid a half-starved, shivering woman exactly what her lover had paid me for the ring a week before her marriage, and as she led away her golden-haired girl she felt that she was rich with what she would have thrown aside a decade before. The next purchaser was a portly old gentleman, who gave it to his young wife, whom he had taken from her school books to assume the management of a grand old mansion. It was just two years ago that the old gentleman, still hale and hearty, entered my shop leading by the hand a bright-eyed little fellow, whom he introduced as his son and heir. Then he stated the object of his visit. He said the ring reminded him too much and too painfully of the fair young mother who never saw the face of her baby boy. He offered it to me at a bargain, and now for two years it has remained in this simple casket waiting for another adventure.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

ROYAL BARBERS.

Tonsorial Artists of the Russian and German Monarchs.

A despot should wear a full beard or shave himself. No nihilist will ever get a chance at the czar of Russia with a razor, at least in the guise of a barber. The autocrat has his whiskers trimmed, but with scissors. Even this is treated as a responsible and important function, and of the four "grand masters of the court," as they are called, one always attends the czar when his majesty is under the barber's care. Not that any doubt is felt as to the fidelity of the tonsorial artist. The family of Gueldabovski have been barbers to the imperial house of Romanoff from the time of the Czar Paul. The first of the name, Michael, was employed when a youth in the palace at St. Petersburg, and one of his occasional duties was to shave the emperor. The nobles who conspired the death of Paul offered the young barber a reward that must have seemed dazzling to him if he would cut the emperor's throat. Michael pretended to agree, but took the first opportunity to inform the imperial chamberlain, Count Troubetskoi. The latter, in vain, warned the weak-minded czar of the conspiracy against his life; and Paul, history tells, was murdered in his bed-chamber by the nobles who had plotted to destroy him. When Alexander I. came to the throne he was reminded by Count Troubetskoi of the fidelity of young Michael, and in recognition of his devotion to the imperial family, Alexander, by a special decree, appointed Michael Gueldabovski and his descendants to be barbers to the czar and his household. Alexander was in the habit of being shaved, and during his reign of a quarter of a century he never hesitated to entrust the task to Michael, whose grandson now holds the place by right of descent. As before stated, the office is a good deal of a sinecure with the present czar, so far as shaving is concerned.

It is the duty of the imperial barber to attend his august master every morning, immediately after the czar has risen and performed his ablutions, for the purpose of dressing his hair and beard. This is done in the presence of one of the grand masters of the court. To the outside world the Michael Gueldabovski at the present day is a sphinx. He has never been known to reveal the secrets of the Romanoff toilet, or whether he talks to his majesty, or is occasionally honored with a remark from the lips whose utterances are to Russia like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is safe to presume, however, that Michael cultivates the virtue of silence in the imperial presence as well as out of it, and that he never asks the czar whether he wants a shampoo, or would like a little cosmetic on his mustache. Michael goes wherever the czar travels, and it is through the occasional visits of the Russian autocrat to his father-in-law at Copenhagen that the barber's personality is known to the world, there being much less ceremony and secrecy in the Danish palace that at St. Petersburg.

The two former kaisers of the German empire both wore full beards. In Prussia the barber has never been an official personage, the selection being entrusted to the marshal of the house, at present the Baron von Lyncker. The aged Kaiser William had a constant and faithful personal attendant in Ludwig Kanitz, the son of a Brandenburg peasant, who from performing ordinary menial duties in the palace grew to be the confidential servant of the king and emperor. Kanitz was inseparable from his master in war and peace, and he could undoubtedly have given memoirs to the world as interesting in some respects as those of Bismarck. The prolongation of the kaiser's life to a great age was no doubt due largely to the faithful ministrations of this humble personage, who never shared in the honors or fame that crowned others less intimately associated with his master. Kanitz did not long survive the emperor. He was dismissed on a pension sufficient to support him in comfort, but he soon died and was buried in the churchyard of his native village in Brandenburg.—St. Louis Republic.

THE CROW AS A PET.

A Mischievous Bird That Can Be Taught to Talk Better Than a Parrot.

Crows make very amusing pets for anyone who can put up with their innate spirit of delitiry, and besides that they can be taught to talk more distinctly than most parrots. It is a common idea among the country people that they will not talk unless their tongues are cut at a certain tender age. Be that as it may, I have heard crows talk excellently that never had their tongues cut, and some whose tongues are cut never will talk at all. I always take my chances without cutting, and out of nearly a dozen that I have owned only two proved void of a bump of language.

To be sure of having a good, affectionate crow, take him from the nest as soon after hatching as you can find him. If it is the first of the brood hatched, all the better. How are you to tell that? Why, if you find one baby crow and four eggs in the nest, does not that settle the question beyond dispute? Name him as soon as you get home. It is a good plan to have a family consultation on this subject, for a rechristening is fatal to the proper education of your callow charge. Always call him by name when you feed him. He will learn his name before he knows what feathers are, and respond to it whenever he hears it uttered. Feed, until half-fledged, on meal and water—regular "chicken dough"—and if any "chicken sickness" come on consult the "chicken doctor." In other words, the young crow must be raised on about the same diet as a young chicken. Feed plenty and feed often. A crow's nest is the best thing to keep him in during his infantile days. If you haven't one make a substitute. As he grows in strength and is able to travel about a little he needs more variety in his food, but be careful he does not swallow anything that is very salt. Dump a handful of gravel down his mouth occasionally, and give him minnows and frogs once in awhile. Swallowing his first live frog seems to give a young crow a most agreeable new sensation. Do not be in any hurry about making him bathe. He will wash himself whenever it is necessary, and if taken and plunged into cold water while the pinfeathers are full of blood it may cause him to literally "catch his death o' cold." As soon as he is well on the wing his language lesson should begin. Shut him up in a darkened room when well fed, and begin by whispering the word or phrase you wish him to learn. If he seems to listen, repeat it a little louder and continue until he either grows restless or goes to sleep. It will be but a few minutes. Repeat the same lesson and nothing else every time you visit him or pass within hearing for a week or ten days, and if your crow don't talk in that time he probably never will. Generally they will begin to practice to themselves the first or second day of their imprisonment, but once a word or phrase is learned, others will quickly follow. If really talented, you can make your crow appear to answer any question. For instance, call his name gently and add "what" in a loud, emphatic tone. Soon, when his name is called, he will respond "what" with just the same emphasis and inflection that he has heard you give. Then, again, if you say "it's dinner time" whenever you feed him, some day he will walk into the house hungry and gravely announce: "It's dinner time."

As he grows in years and knowledge your crow will develop a variety of thievish and amusing tricks too numerous to mention. He will cultivate the most friendly acquaintance with some people, and show an unaccountable animosity toward others. He will attend you part way whenever you leave home, and, if your hours of return are regular, will probably meet you at the same spot and welcome you exuberantly. Every time he fails to do so look for him at once: he will either be in some utterly entrancing bit of mischief or else dead.—Nature's Realm.

Woes of a Bee-Keeper.

An amateur bee-keeper of Penobscot county, Me., learned a thing or two almost every day last season. Among other valuable lessons was this: While working among his hot-footed charges he clumsily upset a hive. He was shielded by netting and loose overalls, and could watch with amusement the frantic jabbing of the forty thousand bees that covered his anatomy. After a moment, however, he thoughtlessly stooped to pick up the hive. Then it was that the bees were amused. The loose overalls were drawn tight, and the bee-keeper didn't enjoy himself for two weeks.—Detroit Free Press.

AN INTERESTING ENCOUNTER.

1. PICK.

2. NICK.

3. PIC-NIC.

READY FOR ACTION.

OPEN FOR AN ENGAGEMENT.

A SHERIFF'S DUTY.

First Girl—We had a big van to move us.

Second Girl—Shaw! That's nothing. We had a sheriff to move us.

The Real Eleanor Kirk.

"Eleanor Kirk" is the nom de plume of Mrs. Ames, of Brooklyn. Over twenty years ago she found herself a widow with five children and no visible means of support. She had a taste for literature and therefore determined to look to her pen for financial aid. Her first story sent to a popular magazine brought her a check for thirty-four dollars, an encouraging beginning. Ever since that time she has been a hard worker, as the deep lines on her face show. Her eyes are blue, with that heavy look that shows work far into the night. Her hair is almost snow white and her face quite colorless. Her manner is hearty and cheery, and, forgetful of her own cares, she is always willing to extend a helping hand to others.

Greasing Electric Wires.

Electric railway operations in New England were materially interfered with the past winter by the formation of a thin coating of ice on the overhead conductor. The remedy for this trouble has just been found to lie in greasing the wires, and an ingenious device has been evolved for this purpose. A pan which is carried along beneath the wire contains a wheel so mounted that its lower portion revolves in the grease contained in the pan, and its upper edge is in contact with the wire. As the apparatus is moved along the line the little wheel conveys the grease to the wire and thus smears its surface with a protection against moisture and ice.

Necessary Precaution.

The Other Girl—Why, what has become of your engagement ring?

The Fiancee—Oh, I gave it back to him until his mother goes away.—Munsey's Weekly.

From Down East.

"Have you ever traveled in the west, Miss Penelope?" asked Shelley Higgins.

"Yes. Mother and I palissed six weeks in New York lahst wintuh."—Puck.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

How a Preacher's Son Was Made to See the Difference.

A certain clergyman of Missouri has recently given his harum-scarum, scapegrace son an illustrated lecture which he will not soon forget, and the story has just reached St. Louis through a late meeting of ministers. It appears the clergyman's son shocked the good parishioners by his display of fast horses and paste diamonds and his fondness for rapid things generally. At last he broke through all the rules of country behavior by driving two fast horses tandem along the streets of the town. Several of the clergyman's friends called upon the father and asked that he put some sort of curb on the son's tandem driving. That evening the minister remonstrated with the young fellow upon his follies, and directed that he display no more tandem teams. The son heard the lecture with patience, and then asked:

"Well, father, what is the difference between driving horses alongside and one before the other? I fail to see the point."

"My son," said the clergyman, "there are a great many points in life you fail to see as yet. But as to this one, the difference is one of grave significance. Suppose, at my next service, I should use—

A GESTURE LIKE THIS,

Nobody would object to it. In fact, our parishioners would only see in it an ordinary demonstration of a statement. On the other hand, what if I should put one hand before the other and use—

A GESTURE LIKE THAT,

How long do you suppose I would remain the rector of this parish? See the difference?"—St. Louis Republic.

Not Caught Yet.

Jake Silverstone and Ike Goldsticker are two clerks in the employment of Mose Schaumburg, the Austin merchant prince. A few days ago Jake Silverstone remarked to a friend that he, Jake, had risen very much in the estimation of Mose Schaumburg.

"Vat makes Mister Schaumburg have a petter opinion of you den he had before?" asked the friend.

"Vell, dot odder clerk, Ike Goldsticker, was caught by Mibster Schaumburg stealing monies dot drawer out. No poddy has ever caught me at dose tricks."—Texas Siftings.

He Got It Off.

Mr. Saphead (to himself)—Here's a good thing. I'll read it again, so I can remember it. Let me see. Where is it? Ah, here it is. "Gen. Butler says he has often been called a rascal, but he thanks Heaven no one ever called him a fool." First rate. I'll get that off at the De Beautee's to-night.

Mr. Saphead (at dinner at the De Beautee's)—Aw, Miss De Beautee, do you know I'm like Gen. Butler in one thing?

Miss De Beautee—Yes, I've noticed you squint a little.—Good News.

Not the Kind Wanted.

Angelina Hamfatte (of the frivolity) Is there much likelihood of these diamonds being lost or stolen?

Jeweler—The construction of the setting, madame, has so carefully been attended to that it is next to impossible to lose the stones or have them stolen.

Angelina Hamfatte—Then they are hardly what I want; good day.—Jeweler's Circular.

Dennis and the Grip.

"Well, Dennis," said the judge, "so you've had the grip. Heard you had a bad time!"

"'Tis a terrible disease, sir, sure enough. I thought I would never get over it. Sure I was sick fifteen days after I got well, sir!"—Harper's Young People.

"May I Go to the Club, Please?"

"No," said Satton reflectively, "I don't think the custom of having a 'Queen of the May' has gone out entirely."

"Think not?"

"No. I know my wife is still the queen of my 'may.'"—Light.

JUST AN ORDINARY BOY.

"Hello, Billy, are you fishin' for bass?"

"How do suppose I can see under the water? I ain't no mermaid."—Golden Days.

MUSICIANS OF NOTE.

Three Chicago Artists of International Reputation.

Julie Rive-King the Latest Addition to Western Musical Circles—The Achievements of Prof. Sherwood and F. G. Gleason.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.]

A short time ago I wrote about two of Chicago's leading musical organizations, the Orchestral association and the Apollo club. Many readers who had never had an opportunity to become familiar with the artistic enthusiasm which pervades every grade of Chicago's society were somewhat surprised at the rapid progress made by the western city as an art center, and even those who have carefully watched its growth

JULIE RIVE-KING.

in every direction were more than pleased with the achievements made in the course of the past ten years or less.

Naturally the appreciation of good music has brought to Chicago a number of the leading artists, the latest addition being Mme. Julie Rive-King, a pianist well-known in all parts of the United States, and distinguished above all other concert performers for the smoothness, facility and unapproachable quality of her technique. Mrs. King has for many years made her home in New York, but becoming convinced that the center of culture was moving westward, she concluded to establish her domicile in the great city by Lake Michigan. She will, of course, carry on her concert business from Chicago as she did from New York.

Mme. Rive-King's name is familiar in every home where music is loved. From her first appearance on the concert stage a number of years ago she has made friends in the east as well as in the west. The brilliancy of her playing and the modesty of her presence made her exceedingly popular, and her managers always found her a paying attraction where other and more famous musicians had made a failure.

Her repertory, according to a musical authority, includes upwards of twenty-one concertos, including three by Beethoven, both of Chopin's, both of Liszt's, Schumann's, Saint Saens', Rubinstein's and about four hundred pieces of different work. Out of this vast repertory she has played as many as eighty pieces in a single week, as in Boston in a series of recitals a few years ago. Her orchestral experience, according to the musical critic of the Chicago Times, has been wide and honorable according to a degree unsurpassed in America if anywhere. She has played under the batons of all the great conductors of the country, including nearly two hundred concerts with Thomas.

Personally, Mme. Rive-King is a lovable woman, handsome and modest. Her triumphs have not turned her head, and she is to-day as accessible to the young woman in search of advice and information as when she first attracted the attention of the public. Society, which has always been kind to the talented lady, not on account of her remarkable ability but owing to her personal charms, has welcomed her arrival in Chicago with a sincerity which must be exceedingly gratifying to its recipient. From a financial point of view her removal to Chicago promises to be one of the happiest acts in Mme. Rive's career.

Prof. William H. Sherwood, head of the piano department of the Chicago conservatory, is another pianist enjoying a national reputation. Mr. Sherwood is perhaps the most scholarly of the score or two of famous musical men residing in the west. His father was a musician of exceptional ability who left nothing undone to develop his son's talents. At an early day in his career the young man became an instructor in the

WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD.

Lyons (N. Y.) musical academy. At the age of twenty he went to Berlin, where he entered Kullak's celebrated conservatory. While pursuing his ordinary studies he succeeded in becoming a member of Carl Weitzmann's class, which at that time ranked highest in the old world both in personnel and achievements, and it was then he became master of the theory of composition. He continued his studies for a number of years in various German musical centers, among them Stuttgart and Leipzig, everywhere winning the esteem of his teachers and the applause of the public.

Liszt, the Nestor of piano virtuosos, took a strong liking to the enterprising young American and spent both time and personal influence to secure for him a hearing before the masters of the art. At one of his concerts he invited young Sherwood to play, and this exhibition may properly be called the keystone of Mr. Sherwood's success. Subsequently he wrote a number of pieces which secured for him immediate recognition and found publishers among the most conservative German music houses.

It has been said that music knows no nationality, and while this may be true to a certain extent, it is nevertheless a well-known fact that no class of people are as jealous of a rival's success as musicians—and especially musicians belonging to different nationalities. That Mr. Sherwood scored such wonderful successes in Germany proves therefore that his talents must have been phenomenal. Critics at once recognized that in strength of interpretation and technique the young New Yorker had but few equals. The result was that petty jealousy could not affect his standing, which was fixed by such indisputable authorities as Kullak and the immortal Liszt.

Upon his return to the United States, Mr. Sherwood gave a series of piano recitals whose remarkable artistic perfection has become proverbial in musical circles. He became a leading attraction and was sought by the managers of high-class entertainments. He soon tired of traveling, however, and became connected with the Chicago conservatory.

His principal compositions are a scherzo, an idyl, a scherzo symphonique and an allegro patetico. All of them have been adopted by the principal conservatories in their courses for advanced pupils, an honor which is highly appreciated by the composer.

The best known Chicago composer, however, is not Mr. Sherwood, but Frederick Grant Gleason. He is a native of Connecticut, in which state he spent his early years and where he learned the rudiments of the art of which he is destined to become a master. At the age of sixteen he composed a Christmas oratorio which exhibited such marked talents that his parents gave him an opportunity to acquire the knowledge necessary to success. He first became a student of Dudley Buck, of Hartford, Conn.; but subsequently went to Leipzig, the Mecca of musical students, where he became a pupil of Moscheles, Richter and other celebrities. Other famous teachers in Berlin and London finished his education, and when he returned to his native country he was amply equipped to begin a career equalled by but few American composers.

In 1876 Mr. Gleason removed to Chicago. His first employment was that of musical critic for a daily journal, a position which he resigned as soon as he had found an opening in his legitimate field. During his residence in Chicago Mr. Gleason has composed a romantic opera, called "Otho Visconti;" an opera named "Montezuma," selections from which have been played in the principal cities of the country by the Thomas orchestra; an "overture triumphal" for the the organ; two cantatas, "God Our Deliverer" and "The Culprit Fay;" the "Auditorium Ode," composed for and sung at the opening of the Chicago Auditorium, and a "Praise Song to Harmony." Besides these he has written a large number of minor pieces for voice and piano, some of which have become very popular.

FREDERICK GRANT GLEASON.

Mr. Gleason is very modest, and when asked about the rewards his labors had found, referred to a recent newspaper statement which gives the information that he was appointed to represent the American music-teachers' national association at the meeting of the English society of professional musicians at Cambridge, Eng., an honor which he had to decline on account of pressing professional duties. The Association del Bemeriti Italiano, of Palermo, a few years ago voted him a gold medal of honor "for distinguished services in the cause of art," and other musical organizations delighted in honoring him in different ways.

The writer could continue to chat for a long time about other Chicago musicians whose names are familiar to the general public, but enough has been said to show that the advantages of Chicago as a musical center are appreciated by those who are best qualified to express an opinon.

G. W. WHITTIERT.

Opera Glasses at Funerals.

"I could scarcely believe my own eyes," said a lady who had just returned from a fashionable funeral, "but right in the most solemn part of the services I saw a woman in the back of the church take an opera glass out of its case and inspect the flowers through it. Then she looked at the mourners with the most critical attention. Why, I really expected to see the sexton turn her out of the church. But I am told that it is quite the thing and not considered at all offensive except by old fogies, like myself."

A Novel Iceboat.

A couple of Norwegian engineers have invented an iceboat that is constructed upon a different plan from those ordinarily in use. The ice is not broken by ramming, as at present, but it is sawn through by circular saws that are placed below the ice. Another apparatus thrusts the ice thus cut from the channel, so that it will no longer obstruct the passage or endanger the safety of vessels.

Her Majesty's Ship Blenheim.

One of the latest additions to the British navy is the Blenheim, a protected cruiser of 9,000 tons displacement. Of this weight 4,000 tons are used for the protecting plates, armament, equipment and coal. She is 375 feet long, 63 feet beam, 20,000 h. p., and 22 knots speed. She is considered to be the largest, fastest and most powerful war ship in the world.

Critics and Actors.

Mr. Outskirts (to wife, who is driving some chickens out of the yard)—Well, I don't see why a woman can't throw a stone. You haven't come within forty feet of one of those hens.

Mrs. Outskirts—I dropped my sewing in order to drive these hens out, and I think, instead of standing here criticising, you might go in and thread a few needlefuls of silk for me.—N. Y. Weekly.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Liquor and Its Effects.

William Wendt, whose occupation is that of chimney sweep, and who is a familiar figure on Appleton streets, sampled some liquor that acted unusually strange after it was down. He finally reached his home, but instead of going in he climbed up a neighboring tree to witness an imaginary game of baseball. While high among the branches he fell asleep and lost his balance. In his descent his pantaloons became fastened on a crooked limb, where he hung with his head downward. He cried loudly for a neighbor, who went to his assistance.

A Family Drowned.

Capt. Neils Johnson, together with his wife and child, were drowned through the capsizing of the scow Silver Cloud near Port Washington. The three others of the crew clung to the wreck until after daylight, when they were rescued in an exhausted condition by a fishing tug from Port Washington. The Silver Cloud was bound from Bailey's harbor to Milwaukee with a cargo of lumber and sprung a leak.

Logging Company Beaten.

At Durand Judge Bundy decided adversely to the Mississippi River Logging Company in its suit against the town of Frankfort and Pepin county in regard to the payment of the personal property tax levied by the town last winter. The company had enjoined the sheriff from selling their land, which had been advertised by the county for non-payment of said tax, as provided by statute.

Republican Editors to Meet.

During the winter of 1890-'91 a number of editors of republican papers met in Madison and appointed an executive committee to take charge of the work of organizing a republican editorial league for Wisconsin. This committee has issued an invitation to each editor of a republican paper in the state to meet at the capitol on Tuesday, July 28, to effect a formal organization.

Plenty of Wild Game.

There seems to be plenty of wild game in the woods near Marshfield. Men engaged on the new railroads or driving along the highways frequently run across it. Frank Welch, on the logging train engaged in hauling timber on the Port Edwards road, saw eight bears cross the track at one time. Deer are frequently seen.

Boards That Are No More.

The state board of charities and reform and the state board of supervision have ceased to exist under a law passed by the last legislature abolishing them and creating the state board of control. The state board of charities and reform was organized in April, 1871, and the state board of supervision about ten years ago.

Died from an Operation.

Prof. H. C. Howland, principal of the Alexander school, connected with schools at Eau Claire since 1865, member of the first board of education and president of the public library, died in consequence of an operation for strangulated hernia. Eighteen inches of the intestines were removed. He leaves a family.

Accidentally Shot His Child.

A man named Tomskie, who lives at Kimberly, accidentally shot his 8-year-old son while handling a revolver which he supposed was unloaded. The bullet entered the little fellow's stomach and lodged in his back. The boy was in a very critical condition.

The News Condensed.

The corner stone of the Christ Presbyterian church at Madison was laid.

At Waukesha Judge Sloan sentenced John Bernhardt to the state's prison for life for the murder of Henry Schley.

John Coburn, of West Salem, has been appointed world's fair commissioner to succeed H. M. Benjamin, Milwaukee, resigned.

Frank Arbick fell on the railroad track near Ashland in a drunken stupor and was run over and killed by a train.

A jury at Waukesha awarded Miss Hurd $300 damages against the town of Milton for injuries received on a defective sidewalk.

The book agent who committed suicide at Waukesha and who gave his name as J. J. Kelly has been identified as Alonzo Donohue, of San Francisco. He was a graduate of West Point.

At West Superior the jury in the case of John Richardson, charged with the murder of Charles Allen, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

George W. Gans has been appointed superintendent of logging on the Menominee Indian reservation.

Fifteen loaded freight cars of an extra train going west on the Racine division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road were wrecked near Beloit Junction, causing great loss of property.

The board of trade firm of Mohr, Zinkeisen & Co., of Milwaukee, made an assignment.

S. Elliott has been appointed postmaster at Saratoga, Wood county, vice O. B. Hamilton, resigned.

The state board of control has appointed P. B. Lamoreaux warden of state prison, vice Weeks, removed.

A little 3-year-old daughter of Widow Randall, of Lynxville, was choked to death by swallowing beans given her to play with.

One farmer in Brown county is said to have received $1,000 in cash for the right of way of the new railway.

I. S. Love, who made the first reaper turned out in Wisconsin, died at his home in Beloit. He was 87 years old, and first engaged in manufacturing in 1844.

James Martin, an extensive stock breeder at Richland Center, sustained a loss in a storm of three blooded horses, which were struck by lightning in a pasture. Three other horses were fatally hurt.

Max Gillis and Rhinehart Peters, of La Crosse, were crossing the Mississippi river at Dubuque, Ia., on a freight train, when, in passing under a low bridge, they were struck and both fatally hurt.

P. B. Champagne, of Merrill, secretary of the Champagne Lumber Company, died of paralysis. He was widely known.

Rev. Sophia Gibbs, of Decatur, Ill., has accepted a call to the pulpit of All Souls' church in Janesville.

A little 2-year-old child of John Dubonski, living at Ashland, was smothered to death between two featherbed ticks.

Arrangements have been consummated at Ashland among some of the leading capitalists for an extensive sanitarium to be located at Prentice park, in the suburbs of Ashland.

MONGOLIAN MEDICINE.

Poisonous Reptiles and Insects Employed in Their Composition.

Chinese drug stores, which may be numbered by the scores in the Mongolian quarter, are in themselves complete and unabridged museums of insects. In the hundreds of neat drawers which line the walls and in the numerous jars of fantastic design and barbaric form which ornament these establishments, are to be found preserved flies, beetles, bees and every other species of insect life, not to mention every variety of toad, snake and lizard. Every box is carefully labeled with Chinese signs, and the contents are carefully dried before being stored away for medical use.

The Chinese druggist and his clerks wear the same haughty and secretive airs which so become their Caucasian co-laborers. Should an ailing fellow-countryman call at the establishment to have his pains relieved and his ills cured, he merely steps into the store. The druggist's knowledge of Mongolian diseases enables him to diagnose at once where the seat of the suffering man's ailment lies. The wise and all-discerning pharmacist shrugs his shoulders and mutters a word or two. A clerk steps up to a box and draws forth a dried snake, coiled and held in that position by skewers. He passes it to an attendant, and while the patient is counting out his two dollars, the snake is reduced to a powder and put in a paper package. The sufferer goes his way with a gleam of hope in his eyes, for every Chinese knows that snake powder is a determined foe to rheumatic pains.

Indigestion, such a baneful disease where cooks do not mind their parts, is cured by a powder of dried horned toad, provided it has been carefully caught and prepared when the moon is on the wane.

Centipedes, which in life produce agonizing blisters in the neighborhood of their bites, still carry with them in the powdered state the faculty of raising blisters when made into a poultice.

Scorpions, according to the Chinese way of thinking, are invaluable when employed as a remedy for a badly congested liver, which ailment can only be surmised by the Chinese druggist to be the one which afflicts his sore and wearied customer.

Powdered bees and beetles are highly regarded by the Chinese physician in the treatment of throat troubles, and if they do not instantly effect a cure on being taken the patient deserves to suffer.

Blood troubles, malignant cancers and scrofulous diseases hie away when brought into combat with powdered lizard.

The materia medica of the Chinese physician would be shorn of much of its value did it not contain sea horse. Sea horse is a general cure-all, and if a Chinese druggist was unable to supply his customers with any other remedy they would still have implicit faith in their ultimate recovery if powders of that curious fish were frequently administered.

The grasshopper, which is so dreaded by the farmers in the western states, is highly valued in its powdered state by Mongolians.

The weak and afflicted Chinese organs of vision are returned to their normal condition by a poultice of macerated hornets.

Broken limbs rapidly knit together under the beneficent influence of a decoction of cockroaches.

It must not be supposed for a moment that these are all the remedies dispensed by the Chinese druggist. The few mentioned are but the staple remedies which may be found in the medicine chest of every Chinese family. The wily Mongolian, too, does not trust his well-being to them alone, but invokes the aid of his household deity to rid him of his sufferings.

The evil spirits which constantly beset the pathway of the Mongolian are charged with being the cause of all diseases. Such a thing as attributing physical troubles to bad sewers, being out too late at night or going to the lodge would not be given the honor of consideration by any high-minded and honorable Chinese. If the gods and insects will not aid him, he closes his eyes in serenity as his end approaches, and calmly yields up his spirit—fate has decreed it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HE HAD NO CONFIDENCE IN IT.

A Business Man's Experience With the Phonograph in His Office.

"No, I don't use it any more," he said as he nodded in the direction of a phonograph in the corner of his office. "I used to dictate my letters into it, but I have given it up."

"Of course before beginning my dictation I used to start it up to see that it was working all right and that the cylinder was not an old one. That's what I did a day or two ago, and the machine started out 'Dear father.' George! but it startled me. It was the voice of my boy who was away at college—his very tones; I couldn't be mistaken. Then it went on:

"'I am flat broke.'

"His old familiar words. I had heard them so often that I knew what was coming next and tried to shut the machine off, but it was too quick for me. It rattled out:

"'Please leave fifty dollars for me, Louis.'

"I knew then that my boy was in town, and had been in the office while I was out at lunch. I told the cashier to give him fifty dollars when he came back, and then put the case on the phonograph, locked it, and threw the key away. I can't do business with anything I haven't confidence in, and after my experience with this machine I wouldn't be surprised if it ordered a bill of goods and then stood me off for the money. The blamed thing's too smooth."—Chicago Tribune.

Same Old Story.

"Yes," said the man in a cutaway—"yes, it was the same old story. He was a fine-looking young fellow, ambitious to rise in his profession, the soul of honor and entirely without guile, and she seemed to be gentle, winning, refined; in short, all that a woman should be. How could it have been otherwise than that he should be attracted toward her. He fought against this passion, but it was useless. One day when they were alone he told his love, and she——"

"And she," broke in one of the party, who had been listening to the speaker with bated breath, "and she refused him, and he turned about with a groan and left her forever. His life was crushed; he——"

"Not a bit of it," said cutaway, "she accepted him and they were married two or three months afterward, and have ever since lived a happy, contented, humdrum sort of life."—Boston Transcript.

STRENGTH IN SWIMMING.

The Difficulties of Trying to Save a Drowning Person.

There are two periods in the year when deaths by drowning are frequently recorded: December, when skating begins, and June, when swimming-time has come. Last winter was remarkable for the number of instances in which boys had the good fortune to save the lives of their comrades who had broken through the ice.

The Royal Humane Society of London awarded their bronze medal to Cecil Stanley Manning, a boy of fourteen years, for saving another boy aged twelve years, who broke through the ice in deep water seventy-five feet from the shore.

They gave another bronze medal to a boy named Murray, who saved a little fellow one year younger than himself from drowning in the Thames at Hampton Court.

Then there were two brothers, Anthony and Charles Ellwood, who saved two of their younger brothers, and to each of them the society awarded honorable recognition. There were several other boys, from fourteen to twelve years old, who saved or assisted to save children only a year or two younger than themselves.

It is well for boys to become acquainted with such facts as these. At the same time they should bear in mind that a human being in deep water has no great amount of strength over and above what is necessary to keep his own head above the surface, and that it may mean two victims instead of one if he tries to save from drowning a person heavier than himself, or one who will cling to him and impede his action.

The strongest swimmer can not carry in the water more than a very few pounds, and that weight but a short distance. When he has plunged into the water with all his clothes on, with perhaps a pair of high boots on his feet, and a dozen pieces of metal in his pocket, he must be a strong man to render much help to another.

We advise healthy boys and girls to improve all good opportunities, not merely to learn to swim, but to acquire strength and confidence in the water. Our swimming-teachers very sensibly require their pupils to bathe now and then in a complete suit of old clothes, including a pair of high boots, that they may know how it feels to be in the water thus equipped, and how to get rid of some of their garments. A person who has bathed encumbered thus will get an idea how much aid he could render to a drowning person.

It is a mistake to over-bathe; and in this particular there is a curious difference between one person and another. Of two brothers, both in apparently equal health, one can bathe every day with advantage, while the other will discover that it is best for him to keep out of the water except on hot days, and then not to stay in more than fifteen minutes. In this, as in all other athletic exercises, zeal should be tempered with prudence.—Youth's Companion.

LYNCH LAW.

First Hanging by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco.

Judge Lynch first held court in San Francisco in the year 1851. When gold was discovered in California outlaws and desperadoes from all parts of the world flocked to the Pacific coast and crime increased to an alarming extent. In San Francisco incendiarism, burglary, robbery and murder became so common that the people were finally compelled to band themselves together for self-protection, the courts seemingly being in sympathy with the law-breakers rather than with the citizens. A vigilance committee was secretly organized, and on the night of June 10 in the year named two men named McKenzie and Whittaker were taken from the city prison and hanged in the street. This for a time caused the criminals to act with more caution. In 1855 things became worse than ever. Mr. King, the editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, called attention to the abuses of the city government and exposed the record of one of the political bosses of the day—a Mr. Casey, who had been in the New York state prison. Casey shot King dead in the street and gave himself up to the authorities. The vigilance committee was again put into active operation. The prison was surrounded and the sheriff compelled to give up Casey, together with Charles Cora, a gambler, who had shot Mr. Richardson, the United States marshal. The two were given a fair trial and both were hanged in front of the committee's rooms. For about two months this extraordinary tribunal ruled the city. It hanged four men and sent about twenty-five others out of the state. It even arrested Justice Terry of the supreme court for stabbing one of its officers. Peace and quiet were restored and at the next election honest city and county officials were chosen who relieved the committee from further responsibility.—Chicago News.

The Good Old Times.

In every neighborhood we find a few elderly people, whose estimate of the present seems to be gauged by extravagant praise of the past. Nothing now-a-days is quite as good as it was twenty, forty, or fifty years ago. They may make these sad comparisons with the daily paper in their lap, seated in a steam-heated room, snow and ice without and Florida strawberries at their elbow. Around them are luxuries of which, in their youth, they never dreamed. They are used to them now, and would feel outraged at their absence. They know what happened all over the world yesterday, quite as thoroughly as they once understood the gossip of their native village. And yet they are forever delving amid the mists of years for something which has never existed, except in their own reminiscent fancies. It is very human, however, to linger over our past. As old age advances, we love repose. The present is bustling, the future uncertain. But in the past we can roam with memory whither we will, and there are none to interrupt or say us nay.—Yankee Blade.

Corselet Bodices.

The corselet bodice is seen on the trim tailor-made gowns as well as on those for the house. These bodices are usually fastened on the left side under the arm and are worn with gimps either full or laid flat, as is most becoming to the wearer. They fit the figure quite like a corset and are sharply pointed or bluntly rounded as may be fancied. The back has the same number of seams as a waist proper, but the fronts drawn smoothly over the lining and shaped by a single seam down the middle. They are made of all sorts of summer fabrics.—Chicago Post.

Two Babies.

Mrs. Newma—Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cunningest little nose, and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it just dropped from Heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels.

Mr. Newma—Is it as nice as our baby?

Mrs. Newma—Mercy! no, not half.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Unhappy Misunderstanding.

She (to her partially deaf lover)—Oh, I dote on diamonds!

He (gleefully)—I don't own them, either. I think it's extravagant.—Jeweler's Weekly.

You Don't Get What You Want,

If you expect to buy Dr. Pierce's *genuine* medicines at less than the regular prices. You can buy counterfeits, imitations, dilutions, and substitutes, from unauthorized dealers, at what are called "cent prices," but the *genuine and guaranteed* medicines cost more, and are worth more.

If you *do* get the genuine, they're the *cheapest* medicines you can buy, for they're guaranteed in every case to benefit or cure, or you have your money back.

But you *don't* get the genuine, except through druggists regularly authorized as agents, and at these uniform and long-established prices:

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (the remedy for all diseases arising from a torpid liver, or impure blood), $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (the remedy for woman's chronic weaknesses and derangements), $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets (the original and best little Liver Pills), 25 cents per vial.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, 50 cents per bottle.

The genuine guaranteed medicines can be had only at these prices. But remember, in buying them, *you pay only for the medicine you get.* There's value received, or there's no pay at all.

Miss Clinton—"Why does that young man ape the English?" Miss Talle—"Because he is a monkey, I presume."—Washington Star.

Pickaderes,

Excursionists on the "Belvy," yachtmen, commercial tourists, sojourners in the tropics, mariners, miners, emigrants to the far West, provide yourselves betimes with the finest defense against fatigue, the effects of a wetting, malaria, unaccustomed diet and exposure in existence. The world knows it as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign for dyspepsia, biliousness, costiveness and rheumatism.

Don't whistle until you're out of the woods. And then, if you forget to, no one will be mad about it.—N. Y. Herald.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

In order to fight flies successfully a cow has to make a good many flank movements.—Buffalo Express.

Beauty marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

Dogs and men both have summer pants; but a dog has a fit sometimes.—Richmond Recorder.

Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

Many men tie their horses very carefully, but let their tongues run loose.—Rau's Horn.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

The clerk who had been stealing for a long time finally got it.—Elmira Gazette.

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Stamped out—blood-poisons of every name and nature, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It's a medicine that starts from the beginning. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and renews the whole system. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, it's an unequaled remedy.

Don't think it's like the sarsaparillas. They claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May. "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all seasons. And it not only *claims* to do good—it *guarantees* it. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address, F. Ezra's Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. When ever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Hereditary Consumption

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

FOR GENTLEMEN FOR LADIES

WHY IS THE **W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE** FOR GENTLEMEN THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It has a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and *because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer,* it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf, stylish, easy and durable. Equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same style as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoes, Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf: no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2.25 and **$2.00** Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and **$1.75** school shoes are worth by the best on earth; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed Shoe, best Dongola, very stylish, equals French imported shoes costing from $5.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' **2.50, $2.00** and **$1.75** shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and Durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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A Valuable Remedy in all forms of DEBILITY, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, DYSPEPSIA, CONVALESCENCE from Fever and attendant complaints, and in cases of impaired Digestion, attended with loss of appetite, despondency, sleeplessness, etc. Unequaled as a Nerve Tonic for overworked men and weak, nervous women.

This remedy acts positively on the blood and nerves, purifying and nourishing the former, and stimulating the latter to a healthy physiological action. Price, Per pint bottle $1.00; 6 bottles for $5. For sale by Druggists generally or sent express on receipt of price. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY TAYLOR & MYERS PHARMACY CO., 109 E. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn. Six-page circular of prominent physicians' recommendations mailed free.

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DISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

Tutt's Pills CURE CONSTIPATION.

To enjoy health one should have regular evacuations every twenty four hours. The evils, both mental and physical, resulting from

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION

are many and serious. For the cure of this common trouble, Tutt's Liver Pills have gained a popularity unparalleled. Elegantly sugar coated.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Spiced Currants: Five pounds of currants, four pounds of sugar, two tablespoons of cinnamon, two tablespoons of cloves, one tablespoon of allspice, one pint of vinegar, boil one hour and a quarter.

—Lemon Butter: One-quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of pulverized sugar, grated rind and juice of three lemons, the whites of four and yolks of six eggs. Melt the butter, then stir in and boil well.

—Lamp wicks soaked in vinegar for a day or so before placing in the lamps will give a much clearer flame than they otherwise would. When the burners become clogged boil them for half an hour in soda and water.—N. Y. World.

—Egg Sandwiches: Chop the white of hard boiled eggs very fine, wash the yolks and mix them with melted butter, salt and pepper, then add all to the chopped whites, and spread it on bread; slice the bread as thin as possible, remove all the crust, and arrange neatly on a plate, one overlapping the other a little.—Boston Herald.

—Macaroni should be used much more than it is. It is a very good substitute for potatoes when that vegetable is scarce and high, as it is this year. Many physicians object seriously to the use of old potatoes after they have begun to sprout, and on their own tables use macaroni instead. The simple ways of preparing this dish everybody knows.

—A wall protector back of the kitchen table can be made of oil cloth. A piece of suitable length and width can be turned down on the edge hem fashion to strengthen it, and this can be tacked smoothly to the wall; this protector can be ornamented by painting upon it any loose design on flowers and vines. If oil paints are used the cloth can be washed clean and thus kept free from grease and spatterings.

—"For a nice economical pudding, cream together three small tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, then beat in one egg and one cupful of sweet milk. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water and add to the milk. Sift two cupfuls of flour and add to it one teaspoonful of cream of tarter. Mix all together and flavor as you like. Steam for half an hour and serve with cream and sugar."—N. Y. World.

—Poached Eggs: Have a broad shallow vessel of boiling water. Break your eggs in a plate, and be careful not to break the yolks. Take the water from the fire, slide the eggs carefully into it one at a time, and then put them over the fire again. Whilst they are boiling throw the water over the yolks with a spoon, and as soon as the whites are thick take them out with an egg slice. Trim them neatly and send them to the table hot.—Boston Budget.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

The Effect of Modern Luxury Tends to Postpone Marriage.

Owing to the complications of modern life and the large increase in the list of creature comforts which polite people have come to regard as necessaries, marriage has become a vastly more serious undertaking than it used to be, and is deferred until a later period of life.

People in cities who have been used to wearing good clothes, and who have servants to wait on them, and to go out of town in summer, no longer marry when the girl is eighteen and the man twenty-two. The man is apt to be nearly thirty before his income will stand the matrimonial strain, and the lady is proportionately experienced. It would not be quite accurate to say that, though it is harder to get married than it was, it is as easy as ever to become engaged. That would not be quite true. The difficulty of getting income enough to marry does defer, and even prevent, a great many betrothals; nevertheless, engagements do often happen when the prospect of marriage is remote, and a reasonable percentage of them last until marriage ends them.

Long engagements are not popular, but enough of them are running to make the behavior of their beneficiaries a fit subject for comment in the interest of human happiness. All the world loves a lover, but lovers make a serious mistake when they presume too far on the strength of the world's regard for them.

The polite world loves its lovers exactly so long as they are interesting and agreeable.

When they cease to be so its sentiments toward them take the form of anxiety to have them married, which may indeed be so extreme as to result in practical efforts to put them in the way of pairing; but which is more apt to take the form of what is vulgarly known as the cold shoulder.

Lovers who are intelligent and who are disposed to make themselves agreeable ought to be exceptionally charming. They are enveloped in a pleasant blaze of sentiment which makes them interesting. So long as they are nice, all kind people are in a conspiracy to indulge them and make them think that life is lurid with rose tints. Their politeness is the more appreciated because it is thought to involve special self-sacrifice, and whatever they do for the community's amusement is rated above its ordinary value, because they have done it. All the worse, then, when lovers regard themselves as temporarily exempt from the ordinary obligations of politness, and abandon themselves to spooning and mutual absorption.—Scribner.

Making Watch Glasses.

In the manufacture of watch glasses the workman gathers with the blowing tube several kilograms of glass. Softening this by holding it to the door of the furnace, he puts the end of the tube into communication with a reservoir of compressed air, and a big sphere is blown. It is, of course, necessary to get the exact proportion of material at the commencement of the operation, accompanied by a peculiar twist of the hand and an amazing skillfulness. The sphere ought to be produced without rents, and in such dimensions that it is of the requisite thickness. Out of these balls the workman cuts convex discs of the required size. This is a delicate operation. A "tournette," a kind of compass furnished with a diamond in one of its branches, is used. The diamond having traced the circle the glass is struck on the interior and exterior sides with a stick and the piece is detached. The discs, which are afterwards traced, are obtained very easily. They are seized by the thumb, passed through the aperture already made and detached by the pressure of two fingers. An able workman will cut six thousand glasses a day.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MOUSE FOR BAIT.

A New and Strange Way of Catching Fish in Colorado.

We have recently learned some interesting facts concerning the Colorado trout and trout streams from Thomas Withers, civil engineer, and deputy United States land surveyor for the state of Colorado. Mr. Withers has been in Washington, and while there collected some useful information preparatory to establishing a trout hatchery on a beautiful stream owned by him near Denver. He will probably make a special effort to get the native red-bellied trout (Salmo purpuratus), and devote considerable attention to its propagation. Mr. Withers is an enthusiastic fisherman and well posted as to the habits of the trout. He states that the helgramite is extremely common in the north fork of the Platte, and by its fly form, which is there known as the willow fly, is one of the best natural foods for trout, and also one of the most excellent baits of the region.

Mr. Withers gives a very amusing account of the capture of large trout at Buffalo, near Denver, on the South Fork railroad. There is in that vicinity a so-called mouse, which has the habit of going into the water very freely, and on this account we suppose the animal to be one of the shrews, probably the common shrew (Neosorex palustris), which is the largest of the shrews aquatic in their habits. It grows to a length of six inches, including the tail, which is two and a half inches long. It is found from Massachusetts to the Rocky mountains and northward. The muzzel of this shrew is very long and abundantly supplied with whiskers.

Its feet are very long and have a fringe of hair. The ears are valvular and adopted for life in the water. It feeds upon insects and also upon other larvæ, as we may gather from a description of a kind of stick bait mentioned by Mr. Withers. But to take up Mr. Withers' description of the capture of a big trout with a live mouse. He says: "We were led to try the mouse from the fact that on cutting open a large trout we were very much astonished by finding a mouse in its stomach. A hook was passed through the skin of the neck and the leader was attached to a large chip in such a manner that the mouse could not get away from its float.

"Then the chip with its live freight was liberated in the creek at some distance above the bridge under which the big trout was known to secrete himself. The chip went merrily dancing down the stream, the mouse meanwhile running backward and forward as far as the limits of his raft would allow, and things went swimmingly until the bridge was reached. Here we saw a sudden commotion which we knew was caused by the big trout.

"His troutship seemed to hit the chip with his tail, for it flew out into the air a foot or more above the surface of the water, and he swallowed the mouse. The fisherman in charge of the line succeeded, after some difficulty, in landing the trout, which proved to be a five-pounder." Afterward Mr. Withers learned that the live mouse was known to many of the fishermen as one of the most killing baits for the black-spotted trout, and its use is very general in that part of Colorado.—Forest and Stream.

GREEK HORSEMANSHIP.

Models of Gracefulness from the Time of Alexander the Great.

One of the most precious relics of the past is a bronze statuette dug up at Herculaneum in 1751, and thought to be a copy of the equestrian statue known to have been made of Alexander the Great by Lysippus, after the battle of the Granicus, when statues of all the brave who fell in the initial victory were made by the famous sculptor. If it is truly a copy of Lysippus' work, we can judge from it how the Macedonians managed their horses in a hand-to-hand conflict. The king is shown sitting on a blanket firmly held in place by a breast-strap and girth; without dropping the reins from his bridle hand he grasps this substitute for a saddle at the withers, and turning full half-way to the right and looking backward, gives a swinging cut with his sword to the rear, covering as big an arc of the circle as the best swordsman who ever sat in a saddle. The statue is full of life and natural to a degree. If not Lysippus' work, it is that of a consummate artist. The position shows great freedom of movement on the horse, and a seat strong and elastic. That the Macedonians kept their heels well away from the horses' flanks, or rather that they did not rely on their heels to cling to him, is shown by their commonly wearing spurs, a thing the Indian usually avoids; and the same habit shows clearly in this piece of art.

When riding merely and not fighting, the Greek sat on his breech in a natural position, took a firm hold with his thighs, but let his legs from the knee down hang free. His attitude, as shown in the Panathenaic procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, was singularly graceful in style; and that it was the common one is to be seen from Xenophon's rules for keeping the seat. He managed the reins with light and easy hands. The Indian, on the contrary, was as singularly awkward and ungainly. He sat on his crotch, leaned forward, with the thigh not far from perpendicular, and the leg thrust back at almost a right angle. This he could do with the Plains pony, whose barrel was far from as well rounded as that of the Thessalian chunk; and he got a goodly part of his grip from his calf and heel. The contrast between the statue of Alexander, or one of the Parthenon riders, and any one of Catlin's pictures is striking. But though the old-time Indian was the equal—probably the superior—as a mere rider, of the Greek, it is the latter whom we must select as model if we wish to preserve any semblance of beauty in equestrianism.—Col. T. A. Dodge, in Harper's Magazine.

Stood Up for His State.

"I am in a desperately bad state, doctor," said a sympathy-loving tourist to a Colorado physician.

"Now look here, sir," promptly responded this patriotic citizen of the west, "You're in just as good and respectable a state as there is in Uncle Sam's entire collection, and if you care to deny what I say, you'd better step out of my hearing while you do it."—Pharmaceutical Era.

The Wisdom of the Moderns.

Olivia Oldway (a belle from Boston)—"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

Nerissa Newcomer (a belle from Chicago)—"Humph! Mine wouldn't come over until they could come in a ship with the modern conveniences."—Munsey's Weekly.

At a Bargain.

I have the following described property which I will sell at reasonable figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12 Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 6, First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1, Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot in Block 9, on Thayer St, or will sell my two houses and lots on Stevens street. L. Hoult.

Taken Up.

Came to my premises Monday, June 15, one red cow and calf, with white forehead, white hips, short horns, five or six years old. The owner is requested to call and pay charges and take same away. Residence corner of Rose and Mason St., Rhinelander. LUKE CHAGNON.

Dissolution of Partnership

The firm of Gothin & Demars is this day dissolved by mutual consent, C. H. Gothin retiring from the firm. The business will be conducted as heretofore by J. Demars, who will collect all bills and pay all accounts against said firm.

Dated June 20th 1891.

C. H. Gothin
J. Demars.

ONEIDA COUNTY LAND AND ABSTRACT CO

Complete Abstract of all Lands in Oneida County.

A General Land Business Transacted

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Will attend promptly to any business in that line.

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Evening Tribune	4.00	1.00	[illegible]
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If there is no Agent in your town, address us on the subject as we are more liberal with our Agents than any other Company in our line.

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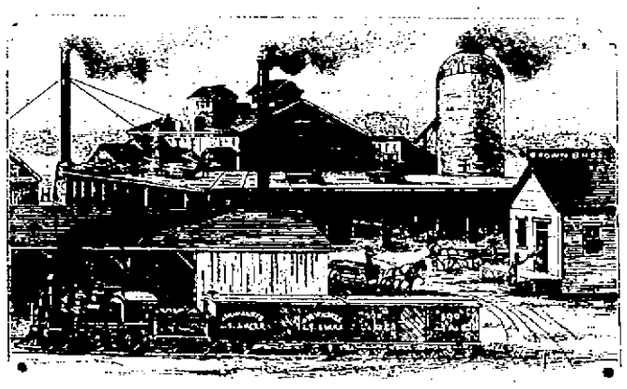

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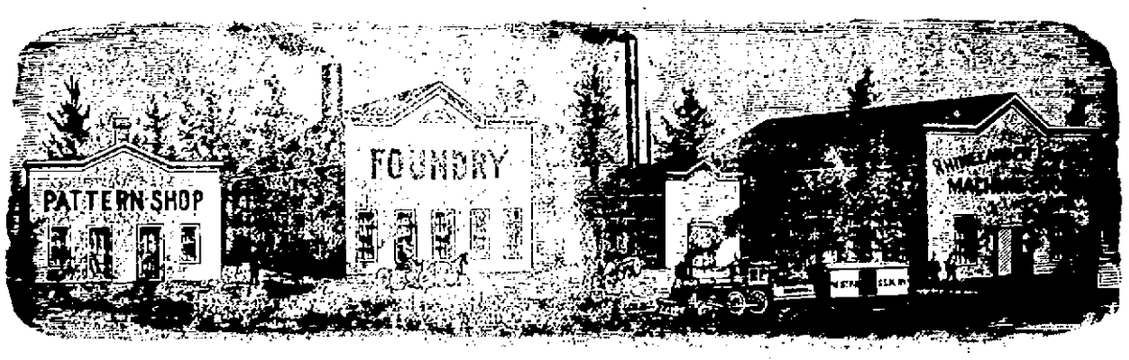

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